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# The Nugget '02






Edward S. Parsons.

II







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*President William F. Slocum.*

# THE NUGGET



Published by

THE JUNIOR CLASS

OF

COLORADO COLLEGE



VOLUME II

1901

To

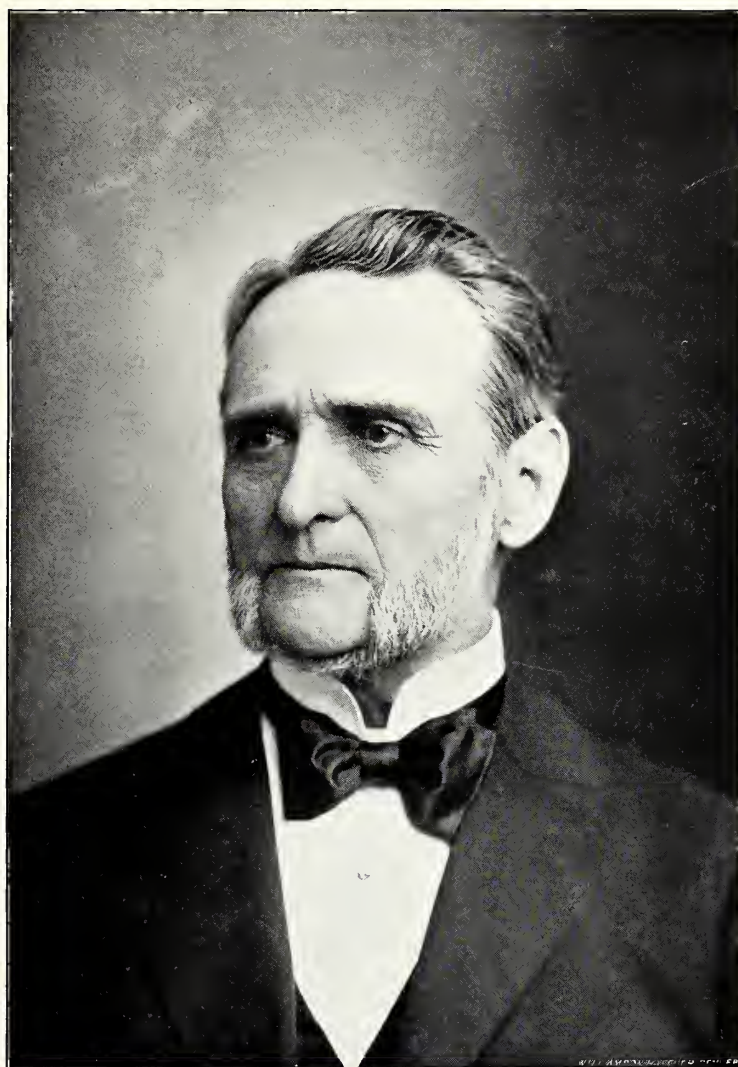
**Dr. D. K. Pearsons,**

**Christian gentleman, and friend of Colorado  
College, for whose timely and generous  
aid we would thus express in some  
slight measure our gratitude,**

**This volume of The Nugget is dedicated**

**by**

**The Annual Board.**



*Dr. D. K. Pearsons.*



# Dr. D. K. Pearsons



**D**R. D. K. PEARSONS, to whom this College is indebted more than to any other one man for its present splendid endowment, was born in Bradford, Vermont, in the year 1820, and is a descendent of General Israel Putnam, one of the heroes of the Revolution.

After completing a common school education he taught school for several years in order to raise funds for taking a medical course in Woodstock, Vermont, after which he practiced medicine for several years in Chicopee, Massachusetts. Later, Dr. Pearsons came West and became a farmer in Illinois, but soon quit this and entered the real estate business in Chicago. Being a shrewd business man he soon found his investments bringing him large return, and from that time on his wealth increased rapidly. After working hard for over seventy years and practicing the most rigid economy at the same time, he found that he had become a millionaire, and then it was that he began to question what he should do with his money which, to use his own words, he "could not carry out of the world in his dead hands."

We all know what his decision was. Prevented from getting a college education himself because of his poverty, it became his earnest desire that every poor boy and girl who desired to go to college should be given an opportunity to do so. This could be accomplished best by founding colleges close by their own homes. Accordingly Dr. Pearsons traveled over the country to study the field. He founded no new colleges but helped those already started which were worthy of his aid. He distributed his wealth among the Christian colleges from the Pacific to the Atlantic, for Dr. Pearsons believed most profoundly in the mission of the *Christian* colleges.

His gifts to our own College have amounted to \$100,000; \$50,000 for endowment and \$50,000 for the Science building. His first endowment fund came at a most critical period of the College's existence and from that memor-

able time the College has gone on to its larger life of increased endowment and influence.

Dr. Pearsons takes a keen delight in giving. A few of his own words will best express the spirit which moves him in his noble work. "Give away your money," he says; "it's exhilarating and tends to longevity." And again—"The past generation in the West has rolled up fortunes; the time has now come to turn this property to the best account. Nobility has its obligations, so has wealth. What are the millionaires all about us going to do with their riches? That is the question to be asked seriously and to be answered carefully."

Such is the spirit of this true philanthropist. Though over eighty years old he is still hearty, cheerful, and energetic—a splendid example of a hearty old age attained by simple living and an active life. May he yet enjoy many years of health and usefulness, and may his noble example inspire others to spend their lives and fortunes in promoting the cause he loves—the advancement of higher Christian education in America.



# The Nugget Board 1901



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The Nugget Board, 1902







# Colorado College



**T**HE present year has shown a gratifying growth of the College and the work of the College along various lines: First and foremost, as essential to all growth, the completion of the fund for the erection of the Science and Administration building. There is now in hand a sum of \$100,000 for building purposes, \$50,000 more for building endowment, and \$10,000 has already been expended in the purchase of a large and valuable natural history collection to be added to the College Museum. The plans for the building are fully matured and the Commencement season will find substantial progress already made in the work of construction. The significance of these facts can hardly be overestimated. The possession of large, modern, and full-equipped laboratories in all the science departments; of recitation and lecture rooms suited to classes of every character; of departmental libraries for the prosecution of special work; of well-appointed offices of administration, will broaden the scope of the work in the College as nothing else can. This will make possible, too, the complete separation of College and Academy.

The casual observer judges of the work of an institution like Colorado College largely by externals. The parking of the College Reservation, which is well under way, is a further evidence of this sort. A sum of \$15,000 has been raised to lay the ground out in a green lawn, and to plant trees, a project that will entirely transform the appearance of this part of the city.

Of the inner life of the College there are several things to be said. To speak of material growth again first, there have been more students here this year than in any preceding one. One evidence of this is the necessity under which the College has been to provide more dormitory accommodation. As yet this has been done for the girls only—in South Hall—the young men, when Hagerman Hall is full, finding places for themselves in the city. In the Music and Art Departments the growth has been phenomenal, especially in view of the short time since the Perkins Fine Arts Hall has been completed. There are now about one hundred and thirty-five students in the two departments. The registration in all departments is nearly five hundred.

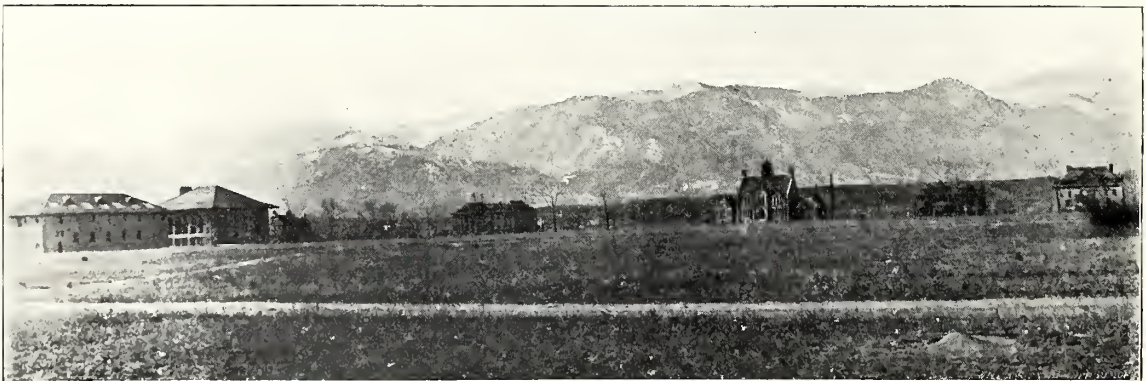
The teaching force of the College has been strengthened by the addition to the faculty of Dr. Urdahl, Department of Economics; Dr. Shedd, Department of Physics; Mr. Ritchie, Department of Oratory; Miss Jacques, Depart-

ment of Latin, and Mr. Waid, Department of Art. Of the educational work itself there has been an increase in the number of courses offered and a more thorough co-ordination of work. The result within the College proper has been an increased effectiveness; and by means of the public lectures and concerts and classes that have been held it has been possible to meet the wants of the citizens generally as never before. The attendance upon such College functions has never before been so large, nor the appreciation more outspoken. It is pleasant to add that the growth of the Library has been such as to necessitate more book room. The College owns now nearly 30,000 volumes.

More intimately in the student life, the growth of the interest in debate has been strongly marked. The work of the societies has been more active, its results more evident, and the competition for places on the teams of College and Academy for the debates with the University of Nebraska and the State Preparatory School has been keen. In athletics, Colorado College has carried off the pennant for two years in football and for three years in baseball, and will spare no effort to maintain her supremacy.

Finally, one of the most gratifying testimonials to the true worth of its work and its ideals the College has ever had came last fall through the visit of Dr. Pearsons, of Chicago. Dr. Pearsons made a thorough inspection of the administrative departments, the methods of housekeeping in the various halls, and a close study of the student life of the College. The result was the most unqualified praise of everything he found, and in token of his appreciation he anticipated a promised gift of \$50,000, presenting it at once. It was the judgment of a business man—given with a business man's judgment.

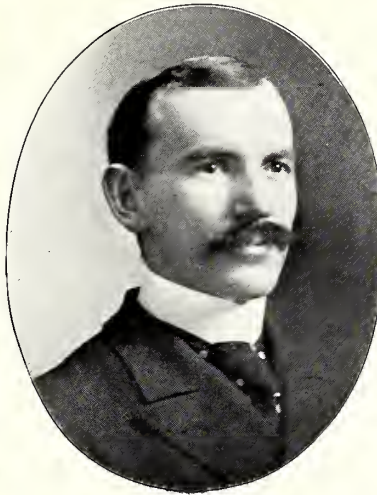
Pike's Peak or Bust!  
Pike's Peak or Bust!  
Colorado College!  
Yell we must!



**New  
Faculty Members**



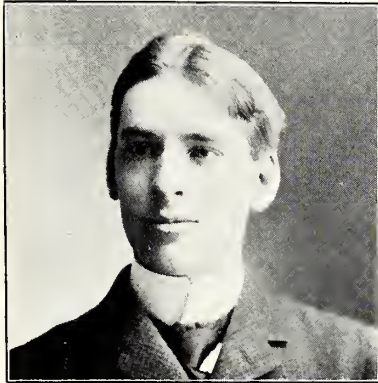
*Miss Cooper.*



*Dr. Shedd.*



*Prof. Loud.*



*Mr. Pattison.*



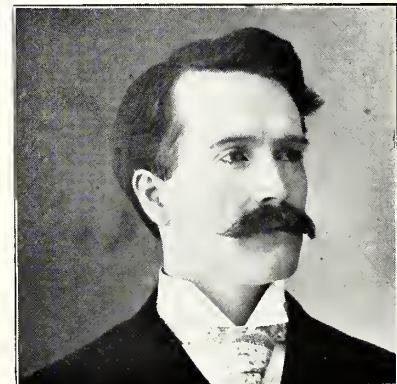
*Mr. Brehaut.*



*Mr. Smith.*



*Dr. Urdahl.*



*Prof. Ritchie.*





## Faculty Members and Instructors



WILLIAM FREDERICK SLOCUM, B. D., L.L. D.,  
President and Head Professor of Philosophy.

LOUIS A. E. AHLERS, A. B.,  
Head Professor of Modern Languages and Literatures.

ELIZABETH BARROWS,  
Instructor in Gymnastics.

ERNEST BREHAUT, A. M.,  
Instructor in Latin.

CHARLES BROOKOVER, M. S.,  
Professor of Biology.

FLORIAN CAJORI, M. S., PH. D.,  
Head Professor of Mathematics.

ANNA PEARL COOPER, A. B.,  
Instructor in English.

NATHAN BROWN COY, A. B.,  
Associate Professor of Classical Languages and Principal of the  
Cutler Academy.

FRANCIS WHITTEMORE CRAIGIN, S. B., PH. D.,  
Professor of Geology, Mineralogy, Etc.

M. CLEMENT GILE, A. M.,  
Head Professor of Classical Languages.

RUBIN GOLDMARK, A. M.,  
Director of the Conservatory of Music.



FREDERICK R. HASTINGS, A. M.,  
Lecturer on the History of Philosophy.

EDNA JACQUES, A. B.,  
Instructor in Latin.

ELLSWORTH GAGE LANCASTER, A. M., PH. D.,  
Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy.

RUTH LOOMIS, A. B.,  
Dean of Women.

FRANK HERBERT LOUD, A. B.,  
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

HANNAH TAYLOR MUIR, M. D.,  
Medical Advisor.

ATHERTON NOYES, A. B.,  
Assistant Professor of English and Greek and Dean of the Faculty.

EDWARD S. PARSONS, A. M., B. D.\*  
Vice-President and Bemis Head Professor of English.

ROLAND H. RITCHIE, PH. B.,  
Professor of Oratory.

HUGH ALLISON SMITH, A. M.,  
Assistant Professor of Modern Languages.

LOUIS JEANNERET SOUTTER,  
Director of the Department of Art.

J. C. SHEDD, A. B., M. S., PH. D.,  
Professor of Physics.

WILLIAM STRIEBY, A. M., E. M.,  
Professor of Chemistry.

\* On leave of absence to study abroad.

T. K. URDAHL, B. L., M. L., PH. D.,  
Head Professor of Political and Social Science.

FRANCIS S. WIGGIN,  
Librarian.

J. L. WAID,  
Instructor in the Department of Art.



## **Musical Faculty**



RUBIN GOLDMARK,  
Director.

CLARENCE WILBUR BOWERS,  
Instructor in Pianoforte and Organ.

GEORGE CRAMPTON,  
Instructor in Voice Culture and Sight Reading.

OMA FIELDS,  
Instructor in Pianoforte.

MISS M. HERMAN,  
Instructor in Violin.



# The Senior Class

## Officers

President ..... BENJAMIN RASTALL.  
Vice-President ..... ETHEL VAN WAGENEN.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... BERNARD L. RICE.

## Colors

Royal Purple and White.

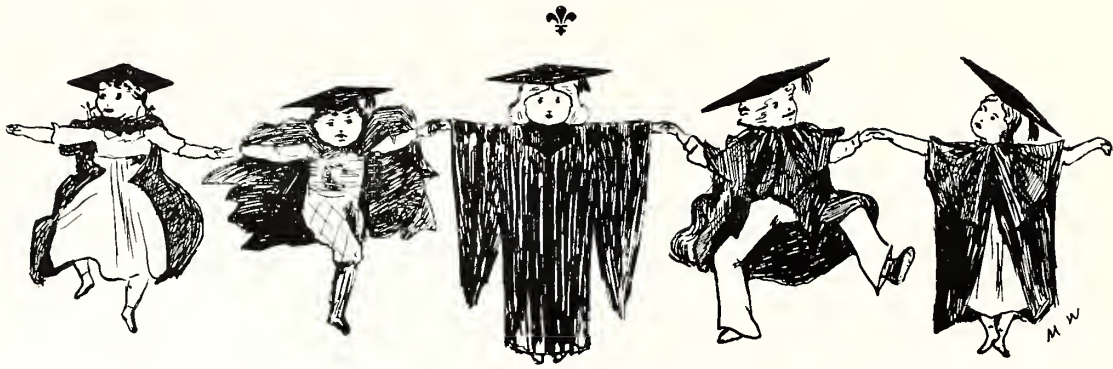
## Yell

Smoke Stack! Palmer!! Barbecue! Fun!!  
Annual! Scholarship!! Victories won!!  
Twentieth Century! Nineteen-One!!!!

## Class Roll

<i>Grace L. Bradshaw.</i>	<i>Oliver Pardee.</i>
<i>Judson L. Cross</i>	<i>B. M. Rastall</i>
<i>Leta Eunice Cutler.</i>	<i>Aly Spencer</i>
<i>Ray M. Dickinson.</i>	<i>Ralph H. Robertson.</i>
<i>Elizabeth D. Elliott.</i>	<i>Bernard L. Rice</i>
<i>Heldroth Frost.</i>	<i>H. Le Roy Shantz</i>
<i>Lewis S. Gillett.</i>	<i>Anna Louise Stale.</i>
<i>Ben Griffith.</i>	<i>H. D. Thompson</i>
<i>A. H. Hoyme.</i>	<i>Ralph C. Wells.</i>
<i>Grace Louisa</i>	<i>Ethel Van Wagenen</i>
<i>Merle M. McClintock.</i>	<i>Charles W. Waddle.</i>
<i>Hugh McLean</i>	<i>Mary F. Wheeler</i>
<i>W. Perry Nash.</i>	<i>Vina A. Gynan.</i>

## Senior Class History



**I**N THE fall of '97 there came to Colorado College the class which was destined to make a record more brilliant than any that has gone before or is likely to follow, at least for some time to come.

Now from this statement it would be quite wrong to conjecture that the members of this class are conceited or have had their heads turned in the slightest degree by the praises which have been heaped upon them. On the contrary, it would be quite impossible to convince them of their importance as members of the "Oldest Institution of Higher Learning in the West," and it is only by their many friends and admirers that they are appreciated.

Although somewhat inexperienced, this class showed none of those marks of unsophistication commonly called "greenness," which are characteristic of most Freshman classes, and conducted itself with exemplary dignity even during the cane rush with the Sophomores early in the year and in which the Sophomores claim to have been victorious.

Dignity in a cane rush may sound paradoxical, but that was not worth mentioning compared with the dignity with which a number of these same Freshmen rode home on the car from a Canon picnic, while the bicycles on which they had started out were trundled along, saddleless, in a lumber wagon. Silently, but with threatening looks they scored this against the Sophomores, and soon they added another score, that of disconnected electric wires and a disturbed party.

So, biding their time they waited until the Sophomores were being entertained, when they crept stealthily up the stairs and relieved the young gentlemen of the trouble of carrying home their hats, believing that plenty of fresh air locally applied is a good remedy for mental derangement.

Soon after, following the dictates of their own lofty aspirations, some daring youths ascended in the dead of night to the top of the newly-painted smokestack and there inscribed in burning characters, '01; which, when it met the gaze of the awakening Sophs, aroused in them such a spirit of envy that



they straightway tried to substitute their own 'oo; but in vain. President Slocum, however, pitying the agonies of the naughty naughts, had every vestige of the sign removed.

In the spring the young men's fancy, contrary to precedent and prescribed rules, lightly turned to thoughts of baseball, and the result was a game with the Sophomores in which the Freshmen acquitted themselves with *dignity*.

The following fall, owing to the abolition "by request," of the regulation cane rush, the first opportunity of distinction for the class of '01 came with the approach of the pumpkin "jack o' lantern" season, when, according to an ancient, but long discontinued custom, the Sophomore class gave a barbecue, the finest entertainment of its kind which the writer has ever had the good fortune to attend.

The glory of this achievement so eclipsed all other incidents of the year, that little record of them is left. Mention might be made, however, of the 'or's which adorned Palmer Hall during the greater part of the year, and also of an unimportant baseball game which occurred with the Freshman class late in the spring. The record of this year would not be complete without the mention of an event which shook the College to its foundations. Brown got married. Brown, that sedate Sophomore, whom no one would have suspected of harboring such wild designs. Truth is stranger than fiction.

When the class of nineteen hundred and one reached the Junior year, all personal combats being things of the past, it lent its support to the Freshmen, who, with this aid and their own iron constitutions, won the athletic contest with great ease, not so much as turning a hair at the bread-and-molasses test.

To the eternal glory of '01 be it stated that the first Annual ever gotten out in Colorado College was compiled by this class, and so great was the success of this work that it was with the greatest misgivings that the present Junior class took up the duty which now devolved upon them of publishing another.

The Senior year, although an interesting one, has had few events for a historian to chronicle. Insignia day was a red-letter day and the Insignia party was quite a success, as the occasion when that much abused being, Class Spirit, was tried and sentenced to be hung. There have been numerous social functions since of both formal and informal nature, and there is a shocking rumor that some members of the class were seen sliding down hill on what looked suspiciously like a ladder, but this report is not well founded and is not worthy of credence in the opinion of the historian.

It must be clear to everyone by this time that as a class, '01 has acquitted itself during its College course with the greatest credit. Moreover it has furnished to the College leaders in every department. Football, baseball, oratorical association and Christian association have all strongly felt its influence.

A few have been obliged to leave before the course was finished and have left big vacancies, which, however, have been well filled by the members who have come in during the last two years.

## Those Seniors

**I**N ORDER to do the Senior class full justice and to free itself from all blame, the Annual Board has sent the collection of Senior autographs to some famous graphologists who agreed to read the character of each Senior. They had nothing to guide them but the handwriting, and from that alone the following has been produced.

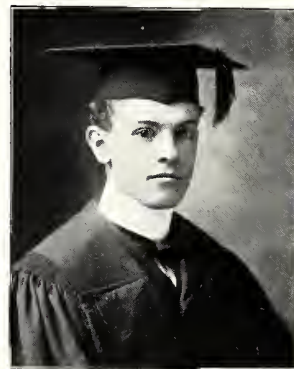


Grace Bradshaw

GRACE BRADSHAW—This handwriting is straight and exact, denoting a methodical person, who is, however, apt to be a little too much in a hurry; one who is persevering and precise and well cut out for an old maid. Yet there is a striking incongruity, namely, the upward stroke of the final "w"; for this always indicates a flirtatious and insincere nature. This young woman would make a good student, not a dig, but an earnest worker, ready for fun at the proper time.

JUDSON L. CROSS—This young man is very obstinate, as shown by the descending terminals. He is easily offended, but ready to be friends again—if the other fellow will acknowledge himself in the wrong. It can be clearly seen that he is apt to take life too seriously and to be anxious to carry the burdens of the whole world upon his own shoulders. He might be capable of tender feelings; probably some of his relatives, cousins perhaps, could speak for that.

*Our own observation.* He knows how to get out an Annual.



Judson L. Cross

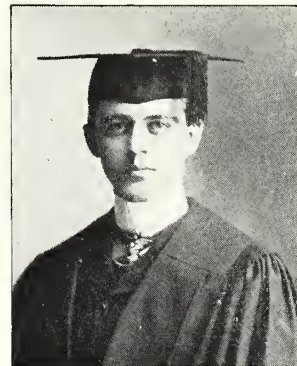


Leta E. Cutler

LETA E. CUTLER—This feminine hand shows a precise and gentle disposition, inclined to be timid and shy. She would not hurt the feelings of any of her fellow mortals even were it in her power. Her aspirations are probably very high, but because of her retiring nature no one knows of them.

"She is a winsome, wee thing."

RAY M. DICKINSON—There is one fact that stands out above all else in this handwriting—the owner is in love. From the small size of the letters one would say he was faint-hearted, and inclined to underestimate himself. He would take things quietly and impassively; would never push himself forward, but would stay in the background, safely hidden in the corners. Such an “R” is always made by a home-loving person with domestic tendencies.



Ray M. Dickinson



Elizabeth Elliot

ELIZABETH ELLIOT—Carelessness and indecision are here revealed, and a tendency to be too critical, together with extreme sensitiveness when the criticism is directed against herself. She wants to be a diligent student, but has a secret leaning towards several varieties of frivolity. However, this writing is indicative of true worth and high ideals, linked with a burning zeal to attain them.

HILDRETH FROST—This writing reveals either a genius or a freak. He is childlike and simple with exceedingly good intentions, although a little apt to make mistakes. One with this kind of writing should never venture on the ice, or expect to attain much skill in tripping the light fantastic. It is likely that if he should ever venture into law he would get badly tangled in it. His place is in the ranks of scientists and mathematicians, and there some day, unless all signs fail, he will surely win a name for himself.



Hildreth Frost



Louis Gillett

LOUIS GILLETT—A bashful nature is shown here; a youth who is very timid, utterly unsophisticated and extremely ignorant of the ways of this wicked world. We would advise you never to ask a girl what kind of boy he is, for she will not know, since he probably shuns them as he does his professors, for he believes both are lying in wait to trap him into a terrible doom. By the way he crosses his "t's" one can see that he is a good fellow and worthy of confidence.

BEN GRIFFITH—The "G" here shows an athletic temperament and reveals great possibilities in many different lines, especially of gracefulness in the dance. One would judge that this young man had all those graces which make a favorite, an all-around good fellow, with an attractive and winsome disposition. The way the double letters are formed shows a desire for a better reputation than is really merited, and should be a warning to the night watchman.



Ben Griffith



Andrew Hoyne

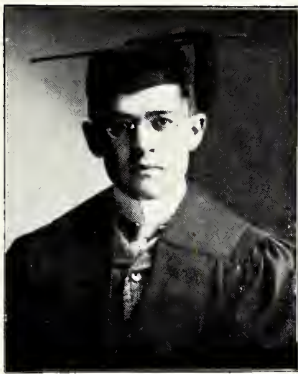
ANDREW HOYNE—In the capital letters are revealed determination carried to such a degree that it might be called stubbornness. Culture and refinement are also present. One would never expect the owner of this handwriting to loll in his seat, hands in pockets, at Chapel time, or to absently dream through an ethical talk. The forms of the vowels show deep religious convictions and a doubtful wit.



GRACE LOOMIS—The more nearly handwriting approaches the conventional standard of “copper plate” the less striking is the writer’s individuality. The well-formed letters also indicate an orderly and methodical person, of a kind disposition when not crossed; but one who would be ungenerous to rivals, most of all, to rivals in the physical department. This is a secretive nature, but we can see within it a secret love affair which is but poorly concealed.



Grace Loomis

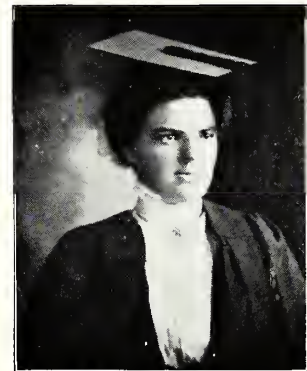


Hugh McLean

HUGH McLEAN—No final strokes to the letters indicate selfishness and a certain amount of conceit. It is also an indication of talent and ambition; nearly all literary persons write in this manner. Joined to this mental cleverness is a tendency which may wreck all ambitions, a longing for the sights and sounds of other lands and an infatuation for fair faces and the owners thereof.

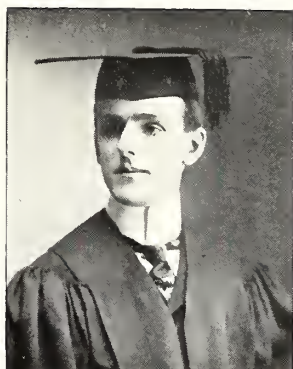
Let us sound a note of warning—Beware! take care!

MERLE McCLINTOCK—The well-stroked “t” shows a strong will and perseverance. The rounded letters show fondness of ease; this person would probably work only when under the lash. Perhaps she would make an artist, if she would practice a little more. Exclusiveness is also disclosed in this writing, such an individual would hide all the real emotions of her heart and show only a cold and severe exterior.



Merle McClintock

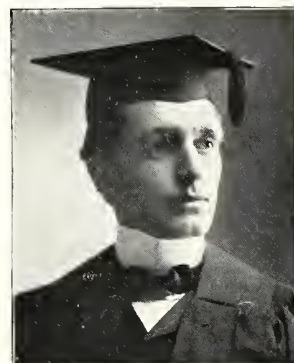




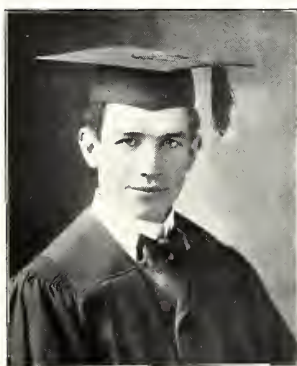
W. P. Nash

W. P. NASH—Plain, unaffected school-boy writing shows a man of honesty and integrity, ingenuous and true, straightforward in purpose, but somewhat inclined to overestimate his own worth and influence upon the world. He has a jealous disposition, and, worse than that, needs to be closely watched lest he become desperate and give way to his tendencies, for they clearly would lead him to steal (Steele).

OTWAY PARDEE—This specimen of handwriting indicates energy, restlessness, enthusiasm, a quickness of perception, mental acuteness, a very nervous temperament, sparkling wit, and vivacity. Quick temper is shown in the crossing of the "t". This excessive energy is bound to startle the world, for this is the stuff of which a Luther is made.



Otway Pardee



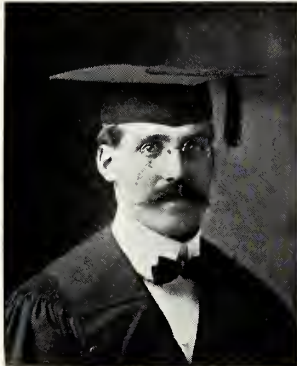
B. M. Rastall

B. M. RASTALL—We can infer from the general character that the writer takes things quietly and impassively, and would seldom let his feelings interfere with his plans. It also shows a love of authority; he might be a despot if given the opportunity; he would be a fierce opponent, but his tongue would do more harm than his fists although he prides himself on his skill with the gloves. Undoubtedly this person is clever, and old for his years.

B. L. RICE—Capital letters that are large are indicative of conceit and love of ostentation. Delicate strokes, devoid of any shading, show gentleness, culture, and spirituality; they also reveal sentimentality and love of society. This young man has the best intentions, but he often makes mistakes; however, he always has an apology at his tongue's end.



B. L. Rice



Ralph Robertson

RALPH ROBERTSON—This man is surely a genius. These beautiful and well-formed characters indicate some outlandish trait. Let no one think he knows what Robertson will do next; yet he is modest withal. The athlete and the scientist are written in the "R's" and future greatness is clearly seen in the loop of the "p". Because of his precocity he is likely to be a favorite with the elderly ladies.

ALY SPENCER—These letters reveal a person of quick sympathies and a generous nature. On the whole it shows a striking personality. Such a person will be ever ready to listen to your many woes, and equally ready to confide her own small grievances to you. She would make great sacrifices for principle and be quite ready to give her life for a noble cause. As a rule she would be a trifle garrulous.



Aly Spencer



LeRoy Shantz

LEROY SHANTZ—Here is an indication of talent and musical ability, especially in the line of tooting. We can also see that the young man would be brilliant in the studies he likes. (He likes few.) He ought to settle down and live on a farm where he could raise chickens and study Botany to his heart's content, and at intervals sing, and blow his horn, without disturbing the neighbors. He has a frank, childlike, and trusting nature.

ANNA L. STEELE—If the lines ascend toward the right-hand corner the writer is a person of ambition in a literary way and of a hopeful disposition. Nervous writing shows a delicate constitution and an antipathy to draughts of air. We should advise this person to always carry a shawl about with her. The letters also reveal a coquette and a lover of swell and polite society.



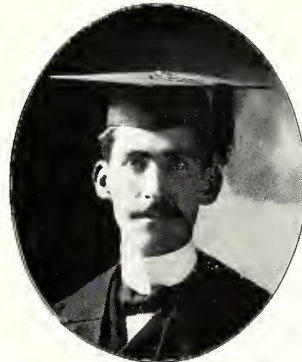
Anna L. Steele



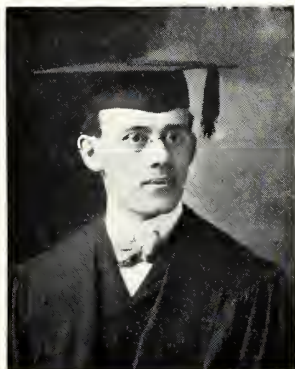
A. D. Thompson

A. D. THOMPSON—This is the writing of a man of strong will, perseverance and energy; an altogether relentless disposition is shown in the downward stroke of the "p". The writing in general indicates utter unscrupulousness; such a character would attain his ambition's ends, even if he had to stride over the dead bodies of his own kinsmen.

C. WADDLE—The man who wrote this is destined to be a doctor of divinity, for excessive seriousness and piety, linked with impressive deliberation are shown in every stroke. His sweet and gentle tones are plainly visible in the soft curve of the "W". Anyone who makes such a "C" has an angelic disposition which sweetly shines from the windows of his soul.



C. Waddle



Ralph Wells

RALPH WELLS—Here we find a very boisterous and lawless disposition which is hard to keep within bounds; he is fond of a practical joke—on someone else—but once in a while enjoys a hearty laugh at his own expense. Fondness for outdoor sports, especially canon trips, is evident. Unless this young man restrains his excessive animal spirits, he will surely get into trouble; it would be well if they could be turned in a good channel, for his ardor in a righteous cause would be unbounded.

ETHEL VAN WAGENEN—The characteristics revealed here are painstaking, and liability to look at life somewhat too seriously. Such an individual can never trust people to do their duties unless pricked on by repeated admonitions. There is a love of outdoor exercise indicated in the "g", and a keen sense of humor, joined to love of a frolic and excessive sportiveness.



Ethel Van Wagenen





Mary F. Wheeler

MARY F. WHEELER—We may infer that the writer is outspoken and candid, yet generous in her judgments, but she depends less upon judgment than intuition. Her character is of the unobtrusive sort, it is good but its goodness does not appal you. In the forms of the capitals carefulness is seen, and a kindly, motherly nature. Such a girl, if she had any younger sisters, would guard them most tenderly and jealously keep them out of harm's way.

VINA WYMAN—This signature is so exceeding small that it was difficult to tell much about it. However, with the aid of the microscope we have succeeded in reading it, and find that the characteristics revealed are rather unexpected. The nature is impulsive, and flighty. This individual is very outspoken and radical, but in one moment she forgets what she said the last. She is a great student and is always worrying herself and her friends about her exams. One day she is sure she flunked and the next much provoked at her instructors because they have not given her A +



Vina Wyman







The Junior Class





This space was reserved for Packard.  
See Grinds.

### The Junior Class





# The Junior Class

## Officers

President ..... PANSY RAYNOLDS.  
Vice-President ..... ELLA GRABER.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... GORDON BERRY.

## Colors

Crimson and Black.

## Yell

Hoo—Rah—Rah! Hoo—Rah—Rah!!  
Wah—Hoo! Wah—Hoo!  
Rip! Rah! Rah!  
Kazik-a-la! Kazik-a-la!  
Holly—Boom! Solly—Boom!  
Nineteen Two!!

## Class Roll

Edith Albert,	Tracy Love,
Gordon Berry,	Flora McGee,
Ruth Brush,	Bertha McKinnie,
M. F. Coolbaugh,	Rufus Mead,
Cora Draper,	Chas. T. Moore,
Ethelwyn Fezer,	Benjamin F. Moores,
Marie Gashwiler,	Sperry Packard,
Frank Gleason,	Pansy Raynolds,
Jessie Hart,	Harry L. Ross
Ella Graber,	Edith Sloane,
Myrtle Herring,	Osie Smith,
E. Lee Holden,	Bonnie Steele,
Merrill Holt,	Lois Stoddard,
C. W. Hurd,	Elizabeth Towle,
Leonard Ingersoll,	Wilma Turk,
Kate Kitely,	Mary Wadhams,
Florence Leidigh,	C. Wm. Weiser,
Marian Williams.	



## Junior Class History



"The Oldest Institution for Higher Learning in the West" hung out its shingle some summers ago, and at various seasons has been doing a rushing business—the greatest rush coming invariably in September.

Now, in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight a band of Indians, famed far and wide as the wildest and fiercest of all savages, heard the fame of this institution and came for treatment. They wanted to recover from their rough, boorish manners and to find something better than their harsh and uncouth speech. So here they came—a great band of them—under the leadership of their chief, Rufus. Now, Rufus was a shrewd fellow, and he had told them not to show surprise at anything they might see and hear, but even his equanimity was disturbed by the Loud Noyses he heard and the Gileful acts he saw performed on every side. He soon became accustomed to them, however, and never ceased in his efforts to restrain his braves from any return to savagery.

In spite of good advice from many sources they did relapse once or twice. The savage's love of ornament is proverbially great and it grieved their beauty-loving heart to see the plain roofs on the College buildings and the unadorned expanse of lawn in front of Coburn Library. So a council was held and each magnanimously offered to do his share toward buying paint and pitch to brighten up these bare places. Had you been there that night you would have witnessed an exciting scene. According to the law of Psychology, which affirms that people under great excitement tend to go back to their primitive ways, these Indians in their enthusiasm had thrown off the polish of civilization, and in blankets and war-paint they proceeded—first to the lawn, where they outlined their loved symbols in burning tar, then to the grand-stand, waving torches and performing (all silently) the most picturesque war dances. Palmer Hall was last adorned, and with silent shouts and muffled war-cries

they retired, content in heart. That they had reason to be was proved five minutes after "rosy-fingered dawn" appeared, by the frantic mobs of Sophomores who raved and tore their hair in mad jealousy at the success of their rivals. Prexy and his assistants were completely surprised, and, some say, displeased at these signs of devotion, but surely no one could be otherwise than pleased at such beautiful symbols as were to be seen on the roofs of the grandstand and Palmer Hall and on the Library lawn. These symbols, "'02," are beautiful anywhere; why not there?

It were vain to attempt to tell of the many achievements of this remarkable tribe; but mention must be made of one famous contest in which those hands, accustomed heretofore to the rude implements of the chase, displayed almost professional skill in the handling of bat and ball. Upon this struggle was staked the triumph or subjection of the tribe, the Freshmen, as the white man now significantly called them, presumably because they were fresh from their native wilds. Here with their hereditary enemies, the Sophomores, they settled the year-long dispute, and settled it satisfactorily too—to themselves.

The maidens of the band were the fairest among all the tribes of the West, and for their smiles and praises the braves attempted many noble deeds. It was largely due to the influence of their bright-eyed companions that these sons of the forest made such rapid progress in the arts of civilization and adapted themselves so readily to the customs of the white man.

When they came together again in the fall, Holt was chosen chief, as Rufus had not yet recovered from the nervous strain of the year before. The new chief had his hands full, as the men had to some extent gone back to savagery during the summer; otherwise they would never have picked on the poor little Freshies, harmless innocents, nor have brought the wrath of all the Profs on their heads by that fatal midnight attack which has gone down in history as the Battle of the Kinnikinnick. The Kinnikinnick! What a picture that name suggests! A black night, silent groups of savages in feathers and war-paint, armed with weapons sharp and red, the biting pepper of Cayenne. Silently and stealthily they creep upon the little green building whence issue sounds of merriment and childish laugh and chatter. Innocent and defenceless babes, they little know the danger surrounding them. A crash, and the braves are upon them! The struggle is fast and furious, and seems like to end in the annihilation of the frolickers; but their nurses seek the aid of a mighty man of valor, who comes down upon the braves with angry blows and ungentle words, quickly convincing them of the wickedness of attacking beings incapable of harming anyone. It was a hard lesson and the consequences were dreadful but with the sweet sympathy of their gentle companions they were able to endure and with new determination promised to be good. Prexy's suspicions had been aroused, however, and he would not allow the repentant Sophs, for they were no longer called Freshmen, to indulge in games more exciting or more dangerous than marbles or leap-frog. Now these Indians had never trained for such intellectual pursuits; their training had been in pure athletics

and they were once more in their element in the baseball game. Then their opponents, the Freshmen, as their own tribe had been called in the days of their savagery, had the excuses to make.

So these reclaimed children of the forest went on, striding steadily toward their due places in the front ranks of scholarship and athletics, the braves showing more and more the good effects of their companions' influence; and when College closed for vacation after their Sophomore year, it was a very highly civilized—nay, enlightened—band of Indians that went home from the Springs.

During all this time the braves had been losing their rich brown tinge, and, when they came back after the summer, one would have taken their color for mere tan. No one thing witnesses more conclusively to their enlightenment than the fact that now they need no longer the harsh restraining hand of a Rufus or a Holt but are held in check by the womanly influence of a sweet flower of a girl, our own Pansy.

So here we are before you, among us the best debaters, the strongest athletes, the cleverest speakers, and the finest scholars in the College. In music and the arts we are not behind, and, as for conversational ability, we have no peers. We showed our culinary skill in the Barbecue last year, and now you can judge of our Annual for yourselves. One could hardly think of a thing in which we are not proficient and not half our accomplishments are contained in our class yell.

We can laugh, we can sing,  
We can turn a hand spring,  
We can climb up a cottonwood tree.  
Who? Who? 1902.







The Sophomore Class

# The Sophomore Class

## Officers

President ..... JOHN S. E. HOUK.  
Vice-President ..... LOUISE ROOT.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... GRACE DUDLEY.

## Colors

Pink and Dark Green.

## Yell

Who are, who are, who are we?  
You are slow, don't you see?  
We are, we are, we are the  
P-E-O-P-L-E!  
Who are the People?  
Nineteen-Three!!

## Class Roll

Lucile Alderdice,  
Pearl Beard,  
Alwina Beyer,  
Fanny Borst,  
Rita Matson,  
Fannie Montgomery,  
Carl W. Plumb,  
Louise Root,  
Elizabeth Rouark,  
Fred C. Sager,  
Jeanette Scholz,  
Ora D. Sherer,  
Ethel Smeigh,  
Fairfield Sylvester,  
Wallen Dick Van Nostran,

Charles Stillman,  
Lucy Taylor,  
Mabelle Carter,  
Louise Currier,  
Grace Dudley,  
Ella Fillius,  
Albert C. Hardy,  
John S. E. Houk,  
George James,  
Marshall Jonson,  
Pearl Kelley,  
Eric J. Lake,  
Lacey McClintock,  
Clare McCoy,  
Madge McHendrie,

Nettie Wise.



## Sophomore Class History



Quietly and peacefully have the days and weeks passed by for the Class of Nineteen-three during its Sophomore year. No Battle of the Kinnikinnick, no painting of class numerals and colors in the still midnight hours breaks into this epoch of its history. This change from the early activity of our Freshmanhood is not due to our own desire nor to any diminution of class spirit. Faculty suggestions and "Scrap committee" resolutions are to blame for our partial retirement from public life. Had it not been for certain unfortunate occurrences our annals would still be filled with deeds of prowess—not to say of carnage.

Although our slumbering class spirit has been half roused to activity several times during the year—as when we would fain have laid siege to the Observatory—only once has all the ardor of our deep natures really blazed forth. The occasion of this unwonted display of emotion was our struggle to uphold our honored name in the fierce toils of the cane rush. How long the time seemed to our anxious, watching eyes! And when at length the tide of battle stood, and the stout Sophomore hands grasping that precious cane were found to outnumber the hands of the Freshmen, how our cheers rent the air! How the old and well known words of "Rockity, Rockity, Rockity, Rick" rolled

up the sides of the Rockies.

Our class spirit, when turned aside from certain deeds of physical strength and manly daring, had to find an outlet through other channels; otherwise a disastrous explosion might have occurred. Our intellectual at-

tainments have not been few. Last spring at Commencement time we came off with more honors than any other class. We have held our own during the past year in debates and in oratorical contests.

Our men have been conspicuous on the athletic field. No one who saw the beautiful forty-two-yard Princeton in the Golden game and the other brilliant plays of our classmen can blame us for being proud of our football heroes.

We have been somewhat of a social success. Our barbecue, with its attendant bonfire, roast pig, cider, wit and eloquence, added not a little to our distinction. We have masqueraded, we have had kodak parties, and we have pic-nicked. Perhaps we are especially partial to moonlight picnics; the still beauty of night appeals to our deeply æsthetic natures.

As yet only half of our history is made. In our subsequent career we hope to eclipse our hitherto most brilliant attainments, and make all the little failures of our early years to be forgotten in the final blaze of our glory. We feel that we have some rather unusual talent. But, after all, the benefits which we have derived from Colorado College are, perhaps, nearly as great as the distinction we have added to it.





The Freshman Class



# The Freshman Class

## Officers

President .....D. G. RICE.  
Vice-President .....C. F. HOYT.  
Secretary-Treasurer .....STELLA DUNAWAY.

## Colors

Silver Gray and Crimson.

## Yell

Kelock! Kelock! Kejeteratock!  
Keree! Keroe! Legidamadore!  
Freshmen! Freshmen! Nineteen-four!!

## Class Roll

Louise Allen,  
Herbert Andrews,  
Cornelia Barnes,  
Emory Bates,  
Raymond C. Bull,  
Walter C. Bybee,  
Ralph Butler,  
Eva Canon,  
Lillian Chapman,  
Hopkins Clark,  
John Y. Crothers,  
Nell Davis,  
Stella Dunaway,  
Clarence English,  
George Gardner,  
Jessie Gordon,  
Ethel Harrington,  
Alice Hatfield,  
Muriel Hill,

Nathalie Hill,  
William Hogg,  
Clyde Howell,  
Chester Hoyt,  
Theodore Hunt,  
Mabel Jencks,  
Zoa Kidder,  
Ernest L. Kitely,  
Lola Knight,  
William Leighton,  
Charles B. Lewis,  
Ruth Lewis,  
Francis M. Loud,  
Aaron J. Lyman,  
J. Harold Nash,  
George L. Osborne,  
Daisy Pace,  
Coleman Pardee,  
F. A. Pettibone,

Mary C. Porter,  
Eulalie Reinhardt,  
David G. Rice,  
Phidelah Rice,  
W. O. Rice,  
Harriet S. Rogers,  
Daniel L. Schneider,  
Nellie D. Scott,  
Ada Seifried,  
Lottie Starbird,  
Katie Sutherland,  
Wm. M. Vories,  
Ella L. Warner,  
Eleanor S. Warner,  
Chas. C. Welch,  
Anna L. Wheeler,  
Dudley White,  
Cora Wilcox,  
Sarah F. Wolverton.

## Freshman Class History



Last spring the gods, as they sat in Olympian council, looking down on Colorado College, were well pleased with this, the College of the West. The new buildings were done and shone brightly in the sunshine. The Professors, with furrowed brows and armloads of books, were the brightest in the country. The student-body as a whole was imposing. The only fault was with the individual classes. The Seniors had the athletes, the Juniors the orators, the Sophomores the students. But in the fall of 1900 they would send—so they planned—a class that would combine all three. That they made a success no one can deny, not even the Sophomores.

Our men stand supreme in the athletics of the College. Didn't they make the Sophomores, hitherto unconquered, eat the bitter pill of Freshmen superiority? The star players of the football team write '04 after their names. Baseball is sure to draw its doughtiest players from our ranks.

As yet our orators have only shone in the class meetings, but there the "words flowed from their lips sweeter than honey."

Ask the Professors about our scholarship. They will tell you no more splendid minds ever came into their experience. Our recitations are a lasting pleasure to them.



Our individual triumphs need hardly be set forth, so well are they known by all. At the very beginning of our life here, we scored a triumph over the Sophs. We held the Observatory against their resisting hordes, trusting in our own strength and though their ranks were increased by many a Senior, we came out, masters of the situation.

Who will ever forget our jubilee after the first day of the class contest; to have won in our first pitched battle was a joy beyond bounds. We just showed those Sophomores how to play football, and they retired from the contest wiser but sadder men. The girls did their part surely with their jubilant shrieks on the side-lines.

Next day our victory was assured by our superior strength in the tug-of-war. No more happy Freshmen ever gathered to celebrate a more joyful victory, than did we that night.

One morning our numerals appeared on Palmer's roof, whence or how, no one knows. May be it was the Olympians, who thus showed their preference for our class.

This is what we have done. And still we are only Freshmen; only one year of our college life has passed and we have accomplished more in that time than any other class could in four years. What of good does the future not hold?





Che Special Class

# The Special Class

## Officers

President ..... ELIZABETH TAYLOR.  
Vice-President ..... JEANIE ISABEL PORTER.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... ROY C. GOWDY.

## Colors

Red and Cadet Blue.

## Yell

Rock Chalk—Jay Hawk—K—I ve!  
Chick—a—Go—Runk—Go—Runk—Go—Rive!  
Colorado College Freaks! Freaks!! Freaks!!!

## Class Roll

Marguerite Alley,  
Evelyn Campbell,  
Dixie Bessie Collier,  
Myron L. Collins,  
Harriet Crissey,  
Frederick Davis,  
Walter Scott De Witt,  
Ada May Dowty,  
Gertrude Eighme,  
Mae Irene Flentye,  
Susan Gillett,  
Bonnie Ginger,  
Roy C. Gowdy,  
F. J. Heim,  
Adda Heron,  
Florence Isham,  
Antionette Kibbe,  
Lotta Meacham,  
LeRoy S. Moore,  
Y. S. Parnag,

Jeanie Porter,  
Priscilla Sater,  
S. H. Savage,  
Lillian Sawyer,  
Mary Stracham,  
Elizabeth Taylor,  
Grace Thompson,  
Arthur Tiffany,  
Elleda Veal,  
Ethel Waugh,  
Mary Alice Weir,  
Chalmers Wells,  
Bert G. Williams,  
Belle Willis,  
Dana Edward Wood,  
Ruth Hoagland,  
Ella Carlton,  
Nellie E. Stephens,  
Wm. C. Payne,

## Special Class History



In recalling the history of the Special class one cannot find any such record as all other classes have to show. No Kinnikinnick battles, tugs-of-war nor cane rushes can be boasted of, nor can this class ever aspire to the editing of an Annual or to participating in the intellectual game of spinning tops with the dignified Seniors.

With no such histories to relate and with no prospects for making any such, it cannot but seem that, as a class, it stands somewhat by itself in the College. A strong proof of this "aloneness" was forced upon the class by the Freshmen in the early part of this year. For, when the Freshmen so unlawfully seized the Observatory, causing the Specials to hold an open-air meeting, there were neither Juniors nor Seniors ready to offer their help in physical strength or in wise counsel.

But with the generous spirit of the Specials the excuse was made for the Freshmen that perhaps they thought they were disturbing Sophomores instead of the Specials, and, in place of feeling neglected in not having either of the upper classes to be of assistance in such emergencies, they seek rather to find those advantages which all classes but themselves lack—and those advantages are not a few. It is so comforting to feel that one is not working for a diploma and that if he fail in any "exam" he does not have to take that study over again the next year. It is gratifying, too, to those who are just entering the College, to know that if they come with only enough credits to admit them they are made as welcome among the Specials as are those, who, having begun as Freshmen, have gone on until they have received their sheepskins and have come back to take post-graduate work.



The largest number of art and musical students are found to be members of this class, and they are members, too, that any class may well be envious of claiming as its own.

In writing its history we cannot write of it as we would of any other class; we cannot begin with a year or two ago when it entered College and then go on to relate the progress it has made as it rises, step by step, nearer to the cap and gown. Instead, we must go back to the beginning of the College—for the Special class has always existed, although no one seemed to realize that fact until the fall of '98 when some brilliant Special discovered that, just because they were Specials they need not miss all class fun. Dating from that time a class organization has existed, with all the social functions usual in an organized class.

This year the pleasures began with a class party, and, following close on to that, a picnic, with potato roasting, was held in Cheyenne Canon. Owing to the hospitality of one of its members, a most delicious marshmallow roast was participated in at Beaver Ranch, together with a very enjoyable hay-rack ride there and back. One of the most pleasant evenings spent during the year was the night they entertained some of their friends by giving them an engagement party. But the Specials have not been content with just having as good a time as possible. They have tried moreover to show in every phase of the College life that they have as much interest in the College and as much loyalty to it as any regular class has—and they trust that when they pass out of these walls this year the impression left behind them will be one which cannot be excelled by any other class, though the other class may have remained four years instead of one.







# The Alumni Association

## Officers

President .....	CLARENCE R. ARNOLD, '91.
First Vice-President .....	G. K. OLMSTEAD, '94.
Secretary .....	MISS H. A. WOODWORTH, '96.
Treasurer .....	FREDERIC R. HASTINGS, '91.

The Alumni Association of Colorado College had its origin about the year 1885, although there were a number of regular graduates prior to this time.

To quote from the Constitution: "The purpose of this Association is to preserve the interest of the Alumni in Colorado College, to promote a spirit of fellowship among its members, and to carry on such work in the interest of the College as may be determined by the Association from time to time."

All persons upon whom the Trustees of Colorado College have conferred a degree for work done in the College are eligible to active membership in the Association, and are classed as Graduate Members. In addition to these, the Association recognizes two other classes of membership, the Pioneer, and Honorary.

The working fund of the Association is derived from the small sum collected from its members in the form of annual dues, and from the issuance of a life membership certificate which may be had for the merely nominal fee of fifteen dollars.



## A Peep at the Past



**I**N THE few epochs of College history with which we have to deal, the writer is reminded of a form of oath which at one time was used in a "mock trial" of the Phoenix Literary Society, which ran something like this: "I promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and as much more as I can possibly remember." With this salutation the reader will please bear in mind that it is possible that many incidents may not appear in chronological order, and perhaps some of the statements can never be verified. Should our efforts leave the reader as one who reads a fable and its moral, then our purpose is accomplished.

Some one has said, and we will presume that he knows, "It is darkest just before dawn." Assuming that this is a statement of fact, we can reasonably consider that our College has had two days and a very dark night, and as we write let us begin with the eventide of the first day.

The first personal knowledge the writer ever had of Colorado College was about twenty years ago when he became a resident of the town. At that time on all the maps of the town of Colorado Springs, there was a certain tract of land in the northern part of the city designated as "College Reservation," and the first impressions of the early visitor to this particular spot could be favor-

ably compared with the expressions of the first tourists, who, when stopping at Colorado Springs would ask, "Where are the Springs?"

The tenderfoot arrives; he is on the Campus. Same old Campus, same old weeds grew just as tall in summer, same old sand blew just as hard in winter, same old place. Standing alone, what is now known as Palmer Hall, was then the whole of Colorado College. Some time before, the two new wings, one the North and the other the South, had been added, and strange as it may seem this temple of learning, with its new wings, never was tempted to fly away, although many of the founder's fondest hopes seemed to have flown or were spirited away. As for a single example, the building now known as the President's house was built by the College and occupied for a time by its President, but later under the terms of a trust deed became the property of other owners, and remained as such until the arrival of President Slocum.

Some members of the Congregational Church conceived the idea that "away out West" would be a good place to establish a Christian college, and the Trustees from that denomination have always been in the majority. The founding of an institution is one thing and the maintenance of one is another. Many evergreens are transplanted but few of them ever grow. We all agree that the College was founded, and I remember E. P. Tenney, who was at one time its President. Tenney was a man who had great hopes in the future, and in this respect he was not unlike the rest of mankind, for if it were not for hopes of the future, we would have little use for a drug store, a shoe shop or a college. I believe it is no over-statement when I say that had all the plans of Tenny materialized and the College held all the various interests that it one time had, it would probably have been as rich an institution through its own exertions as it is to-day with all its magnificent gifts.

There has always been a large number of young men in this section of the country who desired a college education but who were to a greater or less degree dependent upon their own resources; this was true in Tenney's time. And however difficult the task may seem to-day, it was far worse then, to find employment in a small town with a few thousand inhabitants. Tenney tried to bridge the difficulty as best he could; he built irrigating ditches, built barbed wire fences, established a wood-yard, ran a dairy, and did many things along this line to give some employment. There was a boarding house located on Cascade avenue near Columbia street which at one time formed no small part of the early College life, but a disastrous fire completely demolished this old land-mark, and for the better fire protection of the property in the North End, the College Hose Company was organized among the students, and for many years this organization was strictly a College affair. Later many of the students left school, but retained their membership in the Hose Company, so that finally the outsiders were in the control.

The early students were football enthusiasts, and never permitted defeat, where it was possible to win. The names of Findley, Vella, McLeod, Man-

ning and Gould were then written in brazen letters on the tablet of fame, as to-day the names of Griffith, Jonson, Packard, and Wheeler carve a deep impression in the heart of every College man.

But a halt comes, financial matters go wrong, and the College glory of yesterday is now in the unredeemable past. We can now presume that the sun of the first College day has sunk behind the western horizon and the lengthening shadows of eventide have disappeared, and we are alone in the darkness of midnight. Somehow you feel that every noise sounds like thunder, and every creak like the falling of a hundred weight. Alone in the darkness you sit. "You" may mean the Trustees, who through all the dark hours of lonesome night were ever faithful and on the watch, or it may mean the members of the Faculty who had given of their knowledge and of their time and whose every effort had been to raise the College standard high, or it may mean a College friend who through all the days has stood with his shoulder to the wheel, and his hand in his pocket, ever ready and willing to push or to give as the demand might be.

I can remember that at the time the writer was a student, the dancing of the sunbeams on the window pane disturbed that awful stillness, and the quietude of a cemetery would have been regarded as a bee-hive of industry. It is just as true with men and institutions as with wind and water, movement means life, stagnation means death.

Yet all these days were not without their special cares, cares especially for the Faculty. At one time the fame of our Institution as a seat of learning had become so widely known that a quadruped, in the form of a burro, was induced, by the twisting of his tail, to come through the front door, and enter the sacred halls of cob-webs and learning. Our mutual friend was not alone, he was accompanied by others, with two feet and shorter ears, and they became so boisterous that the attentive ears of Prof. Sheldon soon caught the notes of unusual sound, who appeared upon the scene and demanded that the new center of attraction be removed, and in obedience to his commands "Jack" was lead out the rear door. It is recorded that this is the best record in time ever made by man or beast in going through a college.

Vacations were never as often as many desired, and for this evil some of the students in Prof. Strieby's Chemistry department manufactured a peculiar smelling gas that could be sent through the two pipes at the rear of the Chapel in Palmer Hall, and the time required for ventilation was usually sufficiently long to dispense with Chapel services. This same method was quite successfully used by rival literary societies in the early days to accomplish desired results of vengeance and torture.

The days of literary societies had passed, and I remember that the literary historian used to speak a great deal about Phoenix rising from ashes, and that from the dying embers of three former societies this society, Phoenix-like, had risen and it was a "bird." It is true that among the many fossils and relics of former and better days, President Slocum found on his arrival that the Phoenix Literary society was still in existence.



But to be serious, the Phoenix Literary society was the pride of every member, and for its various Presidents during the time it was most active, the names of Blackmer, Hastings, Bemis, and Arnold are not to be forgotten. The best efforts of every member were expected, and every member willingly did his best. The attendance was not confined to students alone, but was open for all, and many of the people of the town were among the regular attendants. Yet another feature, the orators, those who made their maiden speeches in this society, to them we must pay one tribute. They were men of brain, men of muscle, and apparently with an iron jaw.

Slowly now the day begins to dawn. In the eastern sky, we see the shooting of the red streaks of morning light, and as the first rays leap from plain to mountain top, they touch the sleeping Institution at the foot of Pike's Peak; she arouses and stretches forth her arms to receive and welcome her chosen leader. I now speak of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, when the Trustees called to the presidency William F. Slocum. Our College no longer is to be as a ship without a rudder, or an unmanned bark in an unknown sea, but by the guidance of the seen and unseen is to move onward and upward to its full sphere of usefulness. The fact that the College was to have a leader gave a new life to everyone connected with it, were he a donor, a Trustee, a member of the Faculty or a student. Now the donor digs down into his pockets deeper, the Trustee steps higher, the Faculty looks wiser and even Prof. Loud smiled, and the student marks time to the music.

I remember well how oft we used to huddle around those old coal stoves of Palmer Hall, in some of the recitation rooms, and discuss the coming great event. So far as I can remember, it was the universal opinion of the students—I now give the opinion of the students, as I am inclined to think they were not consulted about the matter—that a president could surely do no harm, and he might do some good. It is now the reader's chance to guess which.

The next spring the alfalfa on the Campus looked greener, and Pike's Peak seemed higher, the sun's rays seemed warmer, and Ned Sabine put away his knee pants and wore long trousers.

The past history can only be of interest to the students of to-day so far as it may serve as a stepping-stone to something better and brighter, and we all believe that the College of to-day is so well founded upon its great teachings and principles that success has been more than achieved. In speaking of success, Burdette says:

“The fellow at the ladder's top, to him the honors go,  
The beginner at the bottom, nobody cares to know;  
No good is any “has been” in country or in town,  
Nobody cares how high you've been, if you have tumbled down.  
No one will ask about you; you never will be missed;  
The mill will only grind for you while you supply the grist.”

Colorado Springs, Feb. 5, 1901.

O. H. SHOUP.





Commencement Scenes



## The Commencement of Nineteen Hundred



**I**N THE fullness of time the Class of 1900 awoke to the realization that they must go forth into the great world. They had done their best for the College, had stood by it long and faithfully, but now the time had come, when hard as it was, it must go on without their protecting care, for a larger sphere of action was calling them away. But they said "Our going shall not be in sadness, but shall be as was our coming, an occasion for great rejoicing;" and so they forthwith inaugurated a series of celebrations the like of which had never been seen before.

The festivities proper commenced one Thursday evening, and lasted until the next Wednesday, by which time most of the class showed the ravages of dissipation. On this before-mentioned Thursday evening we entertained chosen ones of our beloved Faculty and fellow students, together with other choice spirits, at a lawn social. Even our enemies admitted that this was a beautiful affair. In reality though, the success was due to the singing of the Glee Club, and the moonlight, a combination which proved irresistible. It was because the beauty of that night, entering into our hearts took away our revengeful feelings, that we allowed the Faculty to defeat us the next day in baseball. They were so certain that they were going to be beaten, and the result was such a delightful surprise—to them. The Juniors, giddy-minded class that they were, thought that our defeat was due to our lack of skill, and rejoiced accordingly. We disliked this delusion on their part, but felt well repaid for our sacrifice, when we saw the childish pleasure of the Faculty.

It would be interesting to linger over our Class supper, or over the sweet solemn hours of Baccalaureate Sunday, but space and time forbid.

Our Class Day was a gorgeous pageantry. All the eloquence in oratory, the beauty of rhetoric, the profoundness of thought, the brilliancy of repartee, the keenness of satire, which we had imbibed during the four years of our College course were brought into play on this occasion. We told of our prowess and skill in every phase of College life; we kindly, but firmly pointed out to the Faculty the most glaring of their faults and eccentricities, calmly looking on the while at their pitiable embarrassment; we severely reproved the Juniors for their foolish ways, and for their presumptuousness in ever coming to Col-



lege at all; we aired both our poetical and musical talents, and to the great delectation of the audience repeated those classic bits, our Class yells, and then finally departed in a blaze of glory to refresh ourselves, while we told each other how infinitely superior it was to anything that had ever been attempted before. That night we gave our conventional reception, in which we astonished the College by showing them that as dignified hosts we were no less charming than in any other of our numerous roles.

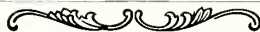
It was supreme joy to take the five-o'clock car to the Canon the next morning, in order that we might breakfast among the rocks and caterpillars. The unique feature of this affair, was that the feminine portion of the class were not permitted to view the mystic rites that went on in the kitchen, and did not even know what the menu was to be, until it was served.

If the Canon breakfast was delightful, what can be said of our moonlight hay ride? We burrowed down into the hay, and entertained ourselves, and the surrounding country for miles around, with song. We sang every tune that we had heard from our childhood days on up, sang until the dwellers of the lonely ranch houses peeped out at the amazing spectacle, and the coyotes, recognizing vocal organs superior to their own, lapsed into silence.

Thus with feasting and jollity, Commencement Day was ushered in. But the varied sensations of that day shall not be committed to writing, because, forsooth, of the inadequacy of the words of the writer. It sufficeth to say that, clad in the sombre dignity of cap and gown, we received our diplomas; that we became very youthful, but very promising members of the Alumni Association; and then, when it was all over, came the rude awakening to the fact that we were no longer those exalted beings, College Seniors, but only a weary lot of ordinary mortals, standing on the threshold of a new experience.



# Literary



# A Funny Fellow

By E. J. Lake



Awarded First Prize in Nugget Story Contest



GEORGE DUNN was a funny fellow, at least, so the students of Colorado College said.

Everybody pitied him as a Freshman because he was so bashful; they rather neglected him when he was a Sophomore because they thought him slow; but now that he was a Junior, they had just discovered that it was innate indifference—not embarrassment, but a sort of lofty disregard for society and class honors—that made him, as the boys termed it, “funny.”

Cynical, reckless and handsome, “Scoffing George,” as he came to be known, truly held a unique position in the College life of old Colorado.

One of the high honor men of his class, he even neglected to go with his class-mates to get his year's standing at the Dean's window and smash his derby with the lucky men who passed or laugh at the poor flunkers, who came away with whole headgear but broken hearts. A friend to everyone and everyone his friend, yet no one knew him, no one understood him.

But we will meet him again and, as he was a sort of man whom it is hard to understand at first meeting, let us betake ourselves to the Campus and form our judgment of him with ripening acquaintance.

It was a cool evening in November, 1917. Old Sol had just melted away behind the Peak, leaving everything tinged with a mellow, ruddy glow. The College buildings lay off to the right, fraternity houses, lecture halls, etc., all scattered about as if they were the remnants of some great storm.

Two fellows were standing on the steps of the D. K. E. club house talking in confidential tones. It seems this was Tree Day and to-night the Freshmen were to plant the tree which was, as the Sophs put it, “To keep them verdant in the memory of the College.”

This accounts for the fact that the fellows were not talking about yesterday's football game and, incidentally, Dunn's magnificent play; for the day before Colorado had played Boulder the annual game of football and Dunn with his usual cold-blooded indifference to results, had made a very difficult

and dangerous tackle just as the Boulder man was about to cross the College goal line.

The result was, that Dunn had a sprained ankle, which forced him to carry a cane, a thing he literally despised, and Boulder went home defeated by a score of five to nothing.

While the two on the steps were talking a third appeared and from the cane which he carried, his wiry build, dark hair and firm mouth, it would not be hard to guess that he was George Dunn.

The two fellows still talking went down the steps and off toward the city. Dunn also started down the walk but was halted by a prolonged "Hist!" from an upper window.

After enjoining secrecy by a series of deaf and dumb gestures, the fellow in the window, leaning out, at the imminent hazard of life and limb, whispered, "Say, the Sophs are planning against the Freshies. Put on a mask and come out to-night. We've got to see fair play."

Dunn nodded assent and went on. As he walked along he met two girls of his class. He was about to tip his hat and pass on when one of them stopped him by saying, "Oh, Mr. Dunn, do stop; I must congratulate you for that beautiful tackle you made yesterday. It was simply grand; wasn't it, Addie?"

"Just lovely!" Addie dutifully replied.

"I hear you are going out this evening," said the first speaker.

"Oh, yes," said Dunn carelessly, "I am, down to the post-office."

"Oh, you can't josh me; I met Rose down here and she was so happy she had to give it away."

"Did she?" said Dunn sarcastically. "Well, if there is anything under heaven that beats a cultured college girl's inclination to talk it's her dissipating tendency to talk nonsense. Good-bye," and he limped on in haughty indignation.

"Cool enough for a chivaree," said Mabel Spooner, as he went out of hearing.

"I guess Rose Dawson won't see him to-night. And she thinks her eyes of him, too."

Here Adelaide Evans ventured a word, "But you didn't see Rose down street as you told him."

"No, but then a little fib doesn't count. I knew she expected him. He is such a crank; I guess there'll be fine doin's soon."

"Oh, Mabel, that is awful slangy."

"Well, slang is fashionable, and one might as well be dead as out of fashion."

"Yes," Adelaide added, "but you remember what the lecturer said about Psalm singers degenerating into slang slingers."

"Oh, well, you know, Addie, dear, he was off his base. And I can go one worse than that," said Mabel wickedly, and Addie discreetly relapsed into silence.



But meantime Dunn was limping along, in his anger forgetting to use his cane, a part of the time. He entered the post-office and wrote a note to Miss Dawson, cancelling the engagement for the evening. Dropping this in the letter-box he hurried out, saying to himself, "I am a brute, but then she's like all the others." Just then the town clock struck eight. "Whew! I'll have to hurry if I get around to that Freshie jamboree," and suiting the action to the word he was soon lost to sight in the darkness.

The cold bleak wind that howled and whistled about the gables and turrets of the College buildings on the night of Tree Day, made it dreary and disagreeable. As ten o'clock approached a dark form stealthily slipped across the Campus. Presently someone appears at the foot of the flag pole and begins to ascend. The top is finally reached and as his form is outlined against the sky, it is clear that he is taking down the flag and putting something in its place. At last he turns on the light of a dark lantern to see that all is right, and reveals the figures, 1921, on a background of blue. It is the Freshman flag. Then a rattle and thud show that the ropes and pulleys are cut loose. He now laboriously descends, aided by the spikes in his heels, greasing the pole as he comes down. Score one point for the Freshmen.

Just as he reaches the ground, a light flashes from a window in the second story of Perkins three times. At almost the same time a long line of dusky forms, bearing in state a small sapling, appear. They march, in Indian file, to about the center of the Campus, where a place has been prepared for the class tree of 1921. Putting the sapling in place, the dirt is rapidly shoveled about it, and in deep sepulchral tones the leader of the ghouls begins the address. But where are the Sophs? Something must be wrong. The address is completed and each Freshman has religiously passed up and thrown a handful of dirt over the embryo tree, saying as he passes, "We plant not for time but eternity." The solemn ritual over every timid Freshman stands with knocking knees and thumping heart, awaiting developments. But they haven't long to wait. The bleak November wind makes a peculiarly vicious and unworldly shriek, as if in warning; a slight crunching of gravel is heard, a whirl and a rush and the storm is upon them. It literally rains Sophs from all quarters.

But the Freshmen after they recover from the first shock resist them manfully and it seems a case of Greek meet Greek until the Sophomores, tricky as usual, manage to surround the Freshmen with a rope and with a terrific pull and surge have toppled them over in a howling mass, all arms and legs. This was the crisis of the scrap, and as soon as they could get their feet a greater part beat a hasty retreat, despite the fact that the girls of their class, who had appeared on the scene, were crying, "Hold them Freshmen, hold them!"

Masked forms now begin to appear in the edge of the circle lighted up by the few lanterns.

"Come on, fellows! We've got them going!" cried a Sophomore, whom

the boys called 'Bing,' charging those still remaining. A few Freshmen, however, still linger, stubbornly resisting overwhelming odds. Finally all withdrew except one rolling bundle of arms and legs. This resolves itself into a big Soph and a little, slender Freshman, but one who has the Tiger spirit. The Sophomores now watched the contest without interference, except one big fellow, who immediately rushed forward and casting himself upon the prostrate Freshman, with the aid of his class-mate, was fast getting the representative of 1921 *hors de combat*.

Out of the darkness now came the cries of "Fair play!" "Give the Freshie a chance!" etc., but they were not heeded. At last a masked figure rushed out and seizing one in each hand sent them rolling off the prostrate Freshman. Straightening him up he said, "Now, Freshie, I'll chaperone you for one minute of sixty seconds. Now git." The Freshman hesitated at first but then followed his advice—and "got."

Then Dunn, for it was he, tore off his mask, and turning to the second assailant said, "You great hulk, I've a good notion to thrash you within an inch of your dirty life. This makes twice I've stopped you from beating that little sickly Freshman. I'll give you another chance. You follow suit!" and he pointed in the opposite direction from that in which the Freshman had gone.

The big coward did not rest upon the order of going but went at once; while Dunn, now for the first time, mindful of his lame ankle, limped away.

It is needless to follow the proceedings of the night farther. Suffice it to say that the Freshmen made several ineffectual attempts to regain their lost ground, but when Aurora first tinged with faintest pink the snow-clad Peak, she disclosed two Sophomores carefully guarding a small tree, planted with roots erect, and top deep in the earth; while over all, stood the greased flag pole feebly waving the flag of 1921 like the signal of distress at the masthead of a half submerged vessel. Nor is it necessary to tell how the matter was settled with the powers that be; however, authorities say that the Sophomores were forced to replace the tree.

Whether they did or not, I do not know, but at any rate the tree was restored to the position its Creator intended for it, and to-day nods in the breeze oblivious of Freshman or Sophomore.

## PART II.

It was the night of the Junior Prom. Three or four fellows were congregated in Dunn's room for a little talk.

"Well, Nye, how was Billy Bond in Mineralogy exam. to-day?" said one.

Oh I guess the stunt was easy enough; the trouble was I didn't know whether B. B. stood for Billy Bond, before blowpipe, or Bunsen burner," answered the one addressed.

"Well, those were hard lines," said Dunn, as he put his heels into a black-and-gold sofa pillow and tossed an actress' picture, which had blown down from the wall, carelessly on the table.

"Say, Dunn, going to the Prom.?" said another, as he cleaned his shoes with Dunn's hair brush.

"Oh, guess I'll go down and rubber."

"Aren't you going to dance?"

"Well I'll tell you, my Puritan ancestors objected to dancing, and I should dislike to do anything to disgrace them."

"Oh, your ancestors be hanged! Mabel Spooner will be there; you'll want to dance with her."

"Oh I suppose so," assented Dunn. "I guess she isn't any greater hypocrite than any of the others," and then he hummed a few words from "When You Ain't Got no Money, You Needn't Come Around."

"Say, your honor, Scoffing George, you are cold-blooded enough for a dentist."

"Yes," chips in Willie Jones, whose trousers are turned up so far that they interfere with his knee action, "and if he evah takes up the pwofession no doubt his wo'k will be cwowned and bwidged with success, donche know."

The boys all treated this attempted pun with that peculiar expression of ridicule known as a "horse laugh." Willie shrank within himself like a turtle in winter quarters and Dunn, rolling upon his elbow, said, "Well, if any of you fellows ever came to me, to have your teeth examined, I'd be forced to tell you, as our family dentist did an old woman, when she opened her mouth, that he was accustomed to stand on the outside."

At this they each seized a pillow and shieing it at Dunn's head, left the room, to all appearances greatly insulted, but really to prepare for the function of the evening.

Gaiety and dancing were at their height about ten o'clock when George Dunn entered the spacious new gymnasium, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. As he stopped to take a full view, a voice at his elbow said, "Oh, George, aren't you going to dance with me this time? This is that beautiful new waltz just written for the College." Dunn turned and saw Rose Dawson standing at his side.

As this is our first meeting with Rose Dawson, perhaps it would be well to say just a word regarding her. She was a tall, beautiful brunette, born of a family of aristocratic Southern planters, proud and dignified but impulsive and passionate withal, as Southern people generally are. A class-mate of Dunn's she saw with a woman's keen intuitive perception, that his cold, cynical bearing covered much that was manly, true and noble.

They had, a little time before, quarreled and thinking herself in the wrong, Rose was the more ready to take the initiative. Although the situation was somewhat embarrassing to both, when she asked the question, Dunn merely said, "Of course, that is what I came for," and they were soon whirling through the intricacies of the mazy waltz.

The colored lights, the waving of the ferns and palms, the beautiful costumes, the incessant hum of voices and the dreamy rhythmic sinking and swell-

ing of the music were all influences which might easily have affected other men of as strong mind as George Dunn.

There is no doubt that he said many foolish things very earnestly, which he was not accustomed to do, and judging from the manner in which they were received they were not entirely disagreeable to his partner. But the dance finally came to an end and after putting his name on Rose Dawson's program for the last waltz, finding Mabel Spooner conveniently near, Dunn danced with her the next time. During this dance she managed to convince him that Rose Dawson had gotten him to put his name down for the last dance, that she might deliberately cut it and thus even up for the past wrongs.

And so it happened that Dunn, the man who had no faith in anyone, was very easily led to believe this deceitful girl's story, and when Mabel Spooner went home that night, Dunn occupied the other seat in the cab, much to her delight and very little to his satisfaction.

After Dunn reached his rooms that night he proceeded to kick over a few chairs and some other furniture and then said through his teeth: "I came the nearest to making a d—d fool of myself to-night that I ever did in my life."

What he meant is more than I know, but he offered no further explanation.

### PART III.

Everybody at Colorado was undoubtedly excited on the twenty-first of April, 1918. The College nine had just defeated the Golden aggregation and were yelling, "What's the score? What's the score? Colorado eight and Golden four!" and several other equally musical yells, prepared for the occasion. That night the preliminaries for the California debate were to be held. Two fellows were standing before Hagerman wheel house, talking.

"It was an awful job to get Dunn on to this debate, wasn't it?" said one.

"Yes," said the other, "but it never would have worked unless he had known that he was the only man the D. K. E.'s could put up."

"I wonder if he will wear his *canda virilis* to-night?"

"His what?"

"*Canda virilis*, that is what he calls his dress coat."

"Oh, I don't know; it would be just like him to go up with his school suit on."

"Hello! There goes the bell. Half an hour for study," and the two separated.

The preliminary debate came off and Dunn secured a place, although he didn't make a very strong showing. The judges, however, had confidence in him and he was chosen leading speaker. Time went on until the night of the debate. All was hurry, confusion and suspense. The Chapel had been prepared for the occasion with drapery and ferns. Ushers seated the people as long as there was room and when there were no longer any seats, the outer halls and gallery were rapidly filled with the expectant crowd.



At eight p. m. the committee of judges and the President of the Oratorical Association came onto the rostrum and shortly after California opened the debate with a strong argument. The College followed with one equally as good. The second California man was a good talker, but the College man didn't have his work well in hand and nearly broke down in the midst of his speech.

The result was that, in the betting circle, Colorado stock had taken a slump from even money to two to five. The last man now appeared for California and was without doubt a good debater and an excellent orator. Great applause greeted him as he took his seat and things certainly looked bad when Dunn started up to continue. The College fairly roared as he appeared on the rostrum and he began, at first, somewhat slowly and laboriously, but as he grew interested in the subject all his embarrassment and hesitancy left him and he debated, not in the vehement and oratorical style of his last opponent, but in a calm, self-possessed manner, that carried conviction to his hearers. When he had concluded the audience rose as one man and cheer after cheer went up from the College corner while here and there, an old alumnus, who didn't know the new yells, gave "Pike's Peak or bust," and one started to sing, "They have learned better at Berkley than to twist the Tiger's tail."

By agreement the summaries were to be included in the closing speeches; so everyone awaited, impatiently, the judges' decision. They were not long in deciding and it was for the negative. Then there was a repetition of the scene after Dunn's speech and he was carried, on the shoulders of two class-mates, three times across the rostrum to the tune of "Colorado, Colorado, the Gem of the Mountains."

After the tumult had somewhat subsided the President announced a recess, after which a play would be given. The debaters now went to their tables to look at their floral gifts and receive the congratulations of their friends. Dunn found one particularly pretty bunch of damask roses with Rose Dawson's card attached, also another very pretty bouquet of pink ones from Mabel Spooner. He took a bud from each bouquet and putting them in his buttonhole, started out, more to escape his friends than to get the air. He was somewhat nervously looking for someone, and found her at the door.

"Rose, I hardly expected any flowers from you," he said.

"Didn't you? Well I gave them to the man who won the debate for old Colorado, instead of George Dunn," she quickly replied.

"Ah! Indeed! Come with me, I must talk with you."

It was impossible to find out everything that happened while Dunn and Rose Dawson were out, but it was undoubtedly something pleasant, judging from their appearance when they returned. Dunn wore a very complacent look and a buttonhole bouquet, consisting of one damask rose bud.

Mabel Spooner was scanning the crowd, anxiously looking for him, but when she saw him with Rose Dawson she understood everything and her

eyebrows involuntarily contracted; Rose looked at her and smiled; Dunn saw them both and looked the other way.

The play passed off very successfully and everybody got home somehow.

Mabel Spooner and Rose Dawson both cried themselves to sleep that night, but from very different motives.

Dunn went to his room and without saying a word in reply to the congratulations of his friends, who were awaiting him, took down a couple of pictures from the wall, a copy of Voltaire from the table and deliberately threw them into the fireplace. Then he added his beloved meerschaum to the holocaust and made a little speech to his astonished audience.

His talk contained many such thoughts as, "A desire to work for the good of his fellow man," "Faith in the human race," "A desire to be in earnest in the future," and many other things that a man is never guilty of saying except, perhaps, once or twice in his life. You may readily imagine that his friends voted him a very "funny fellow." But the long and short of it was that George Dunn was a different man from then on. In the words of Jeremiah Rusk, "He seen his duty and he he gone and done it."



# A Song of Sunlight

By Bonnie Ginger



Awarded First Prize in Nugget Poem Contest



The morning comes, and song  
  is up from the valley;  
Song is over the hills.  
Sunlight darts in the bushes,  
Steals to the brook in the rushes,  
Follows the wind with the thrushes  
And stops on the tops of the hills.  
Song and morning and sunlight  
Shine on the brows of the hills.

The heavy dewdrops roll like  
  melted opals  
From roses upturned heads.  
Grasses and sedgeweeds shiver,  
Chilled at the edge of the river,  
Craving the half-warm quiver  
Of sunshine over their heads;  
Yearn for their gallant playmates.  
The Sunlight, lifting their heads.

The morning goes, and noontide  
  nods in the valley;  
The thrush has folded his wings.  
The Sunlight, bold with the hours,  
Is storming the shadiest bowers  
To pilfer the dew from the flowers;  
The thrush and the amorous zephyr  
Are resting together their wings.





# A Storiëtte

By Ethel Smeigh



**S**AY, OLD fellow, got anything to eat?"

"Look in the closet, on the top shelf to the right. I'm plugging for that exam to-morrow."

Six or seven fellows grouped themselves about the room, on divan and floor, while one of the number produced cheese and crackers for his friends.

"Jim, you'll have to rustle and ask some girl to go to the hop, won't you?" but receiving no answer from their occupied host, he put the question to his less studious mates. "Who is there for Jim to take—who's the lucky fellow that's going to take Agatha Jennison? I've been turned down too many times to try again."

Murphy sent her his invitation, but has only a prettily worded refusal to show for his pains. Someone said there was someone from her home coming on."

"I envy the man from home," said a light-haired, boyish looking fellow. A silence followed that seemed to say that each one there thought the same.

To change the subject a fine looking man from Chicago pulled some letters from his pocket and glancing over them took one from the others and, putting the rest back, opened this one.

"Jim, put down your old book and listen; here's a letter from a friend of mine that met you in Paris last summer. You never told us you were there—and he says you were the envy of all the fellows over there; went where you liked; did what you liked, and was an all-round society man. Now if this is true, why have you made such a fossil of yourself since you have been here. I don't believe you possess a dress suit and you shun the girls as much as we fellows run after them. I wish you'd explain a thing or two."

Jim Townsend laid his book down on his knees, straightened his eyeglasses, partly turned round and said: "Young man, don't believe all you hear."

The fellows never dared go very far with Townsend. They all liked him and there wasn't a more popular man in College than he had been since

he came, the beginning of this last year; but only among the men for as much as the girls tried to lionize him he confined his friendships to the fellows.

It was two or three nights before the riot of Jim Townsend's larder that the maid in the girls' dormitory left a note on the table in Agatha Jennison's room. When she came in a few minutes later, if anyone had been with her they might have noticed that the pretty color in her cheeks left them for a minute when she noticed the writing on the envelope. She quietly took off her hat and gloves then sat down and calmly read her note.

It was an exceedingly polite note asking to call on the following Friday night and was signed "James A. Townsend."

"Well it's been a long time but now I can't be horrid and refuse or he'll think it makes a difference to me whether he recognizes me or not. I'll tell him he can come."

The next night Mr. Townsend astonished the girls that happened to see him come, by sending his card to Miss Agatha Jennison.

"Do you think we could bury the hatchet without explaining why I left Paris so suddenly if I won't ask you why you broke the engagement you had with me?"

She smiled the same old bright smile and the evening seemed charming. Before he left he asked her to go to the Senior hop with him and she accepted.

Everyone but Agatha was astonished at the elegantly dressed Jim Townsend when he appeared at the hop two weeks later and even Agatha's most ardent admirers decided she was more beautiful than she had ever been before.

The girls soon discovered that Jim danced the same way he played football, rowed, and carried off the various scholarships.

Agatha's evening was delightful but Jim never hinted why he had left Paris in such an unpardonable way without ever letting her know a thing about it. Of course she had broken an engagement to go to the Art gallery with him but her uncle had heard he was becoming fast with his unlimited bank account, so what else could she do?

The exams came on then and the only time she had a chance to say "Good morning" was in a lecture room when he handed her some paper.

Commencement morning it so happened that Agatha sat next to Jim. The exercises consisted of a long dry lecture, the Trustees sat on the platform and it seemed to Agatha that she couldn't glance to the right or left but every one of these tiresome men looked at her reprovingly.

Toward the end of the lecture Jim felt under his gown for a pencil in his vest pocket and wrote on his program, "I explained to your father at the hotel this morning, why I left Paris and he is perfectly satisfied with the explanation."

This seemed very vague to Agatha but he must have made it clear to her for during the summer he took her to Paris to keep her engagement and visit the Art gallery.


# Uncle Joe's Visit

By E. Lee Holden



Awarded Second Prize in Nugget Story Contest



 HERE NEVER was a jollier, more good natured, or larger hearted man than is Uncle Joel Stebbins. I can't remember the time when I did not know him, and although he is well along in the fifties, age doesn't seem to make any difference in him. He is the same smiling, jolly, humorous Uncle Joe that he was when he used to take me on his shoulders and tramp through the mud to the schoolhouse where he left me, the envy of my mates who had been obliged to get to school as best they could and were in consequence wet, and cold, and covered with mud besides. Of course I need not tell you that Uncle Joe has always been one of best friends and that there is no one whom I esteem more than I do him.

He is not an educated man himself, and I suppose that had something to do with his determination to send Dick and Nellie to college. Dick and Nellie, I should say, are his sister's children and their father and mother having died several years ago, Uncle Joe has had the care of them since, and has well fulfilled his duties too. They have been up to the College now nearly two years and knowing how much they think of Uncle Joe I was not much surprised when I heard that he was going up to spend Thanksgiving with them. I was glad, too, for I knew he would enjoy such a vacation as he has a faculty for entering into just such larks as students are always having, and I was anxious to hear his version of the visit which I felt sure he could make unusually interesting. So when I heard that he had returned I went over after supper, one evening, to see him. I found him in his room sitting comfortably before a blazing fire, smoking his meerschaum pipe and blowing the smoke up towards the ceiling in little curls and ringlets.

"Come in," he shouted; "glad to see you; sit down and have a smoke with me. I just got back from the College this mornin', where I've been to see the youngsters. They both sent their love to ye, and said to tell ye to come up and see 'em."

"Thanks," I said. "Did you enjoy your visit, Uncle Joe?"

"*Did I?* Does Jim Sikes enjoy himself when he gets full of Snake Bite and carouses around? Of course he does, and so did I when I was up to the College, though not in the same way. But I'll tell ye about it. Just wait till I put some more wood on this fire. This cottonwood isn't very well seasoned yet and has to be warmed through before it will burn. Next year I shall burn some other kind if I c'n get it. There! I guess that'll keep till I get through tellin' about the College."

"I didn't think much about goin' at first," he said looking meditatively at the flames creeping slowly around the logs he had just thrown on the coals, "Dick wrote to me first and said that if I'd come up I'd see one of the greatest football games ever played. Said it would beat anything I'd ever seen in circuses, hoss racin' or anything else. I set it all down to Dick's lack o' judgment and ignorance o' hoss racin', and didn't have any more notion o' goin' up there than I had o' goin' to the White House; but a day or two later I got a letter from Nellie. She said I *must* come because she never had passed a Thanksgiving without me and she would be so homesick that she couldn't enjoy herself a minute; and somehow or other the way she put it, so pleadin' like, I couldn't help goin' though all the way up there I kept callin' myself a fool.

"Dick met me at the depot and after he'd nearly wrung my hand off he took me off to the College. It's a beautiful town up there where the College is; great big houses with lawns around 'em, and wide streets lined on both sides with trees, and then the mountains in the west, with Pike's Peak loomin' up above 'em all so grand and proudlike as if the other mountains were his children and he was guardin' 'em.

"But after we got to the College I didn't have much time to look at scenery. Dick took me right over to Ticknor hall where Nellie rooms. She was waitin' for us and rushed out to meet us before we had got half way up the steps. I must say her greetin' was rather effusive but I didn't mind much if it was. When we went in there was a girl standin' in the parlor lookin' out o' the window, and Nellie rushed up to her and said, 'Oh, Mary, I want you to meet my Uncle Joe.' She didn't tell the girl my name and she didn't tell me the girl's name, but the girl seemed to know who I was for she said, 'How do you do, Mr. Stebbins.' That puzzled me but I thought I wouldn't be beat, so I said, 'How do you do, Mary,' just as if I'd known her all her life. They both laughed and then Mary said her name was 'Brewster,' and she knew my name because Dick was always talkin' about Uncle Joel Stebbins, and then she looked kind o' flustered and added, 'and Nellie, too.'

That was an eye-opener, but I laughed and said Dick was a good boy if he was my nephew but that it seemed funny he couldn't find anything better to talk about, when he was callin' on her than his old uncle. Then we sat down and chatted a while till Dick said he must go and dress for football practice. Nellie said I must stay to take tea with her and then Dick could come over after me. So I did.

"There's a good many things I might tell ye about, as, for instance, the



evenin' I spent at Ticknor tellin' stories to about a dozen girls, friends of Nellie's, who had been introduced to me; or I might tell ye about the College buildin's, and the Museum, and the Art room full o' the finest paintin's I ever saw; but I'm not goin' to stop to do that now because I want to tell ye about the ball game."

"You went to see it then did you?" I asked.

"Yes, I rather think I did; at least I have a slight recollection of bein' present at somethin' they called a football game. Dick was right when he said it would beat any circus I'd ever seen. Why it was a circus and a menagerie and a side-show all combined: The game bein' the circus, the crowd of people in the grand-stand with their black and gold ribbons and banners, and tin horns and yells, the menagerie; while the Golden crowd tryin' to cheer for the other team was the side-show.

"I went to the game with Miss Brewster. Dick said I must because he had to play and couldn't very well take her himself. I was perfectly willin' for she was pretty and smilin' and pleasant as you please. It wasn't put on either. No sir! It's just as natural for her to be pleasant as it is for a dog to have fleas. She made me call her 'Mary' and she called me 'Uncle Joe' and blessed if I don't believe she pretty near had a right to. We sat in a box with a lot of other students includin' Nellie and her young man. The crowd on the seats behind us was yellin' 'Pike's Peak or Bust' and a lot of other things that sounded crazy to me. The ground in front of the grand-stand was all marked off with white lines runnin' clear across the field. I asked Mary what they were for and she said that when one side had the ball it had to be carried by that side as far as those lines were apart, just five yards, and if they didn't do it after three trials the other side got the ball. Then she explained the game to me as well as she could, which was pretty well, for after the game had started and I'd watched it a few minutes I found that I had a workin' knowledge of it, so to speak.

"It did kind of disgust me at first when they'd pile up in a heap with legs and arms stickin' out here and there and nothin' more of them to be seen; but pretty soon I saw that part of the game lay in stoppin' the other side when it was tryin' to get through and that they couldn't help pilin' up that way. And then, too, when the other fellows had the ball the students would yell 'Hold 'em Tigers! Hold 'em Tigers!' and the Tigers usually did it. You know the College calls their team 'Tigers.'

"Well they see-sawed back and forth for some time, first one side gainin' a little and then the other. They didn't play hard at first but pretty quick as soon as one side got the ball it would be thrown back to a man and he'd duck his head and start out as though he was a battering ram and was goin' to batter somethin' down. Dick was in it all, playin' like a very Tiger. Now and then someone 'd get hurt and have to be doctored up some and Mary always turned white till she found out it wasn't Dick and then she'd talk again; and once when Dick was down and had to be rubbed and doctored I thought she'd faint before he got up.

"Meanwhile everyone around me was yellin' for the Tigers and pretty soon I got to yellin' too and swingin' my hat like a madman. Then somehow or other a Golden player got the ball and started down the field without a man to stop him. Well sir, everybody in that grand-stand was so still you could have heard a pin drop. I was scared myself. I thought sure he'd get to the goal; and then I saw a fellow that had on a black and yellow sweater start after that Golden fellow. Mary clutched my arm and said, 'It's Dick. Oh, I *do* hope he'll catch him.' 'He will,' I said; and then I stood up and yelled so loud that everyone turned to look at me, 'Go it, Dick! catch him! You're gainin', boy! A little faster; that's it—Horray!!' I wasn't alone in that last yell, for just as Dick caught him and threw him, not two rods from the goal, everyone jumped up and yelled like all possessed.

"But the worst wasn't over yet for you see Golden was dangerously close to the goal. We were all yellin' 'Hold 'em Tigers!' while the Golden crowd was yellin' somethin' else, and one little whipper-snapper was runnin' around wantin' to bet that we'd be scored against inside o' five minutes. I've never bet a dollar in my life, but that made me mad and I hauled out a roll o' bills and told the shaver I'd bet him anything from a five-cent piece up to a thousand dollars that his team wouldn't score within five minutes nor any other time.

" 'Why Uncle Joe,' said Nellie, 'you must not bet.'

" 'Mustn't bet,' said I a little tempy; 'why not?'

" 'Because it's wrong and besides you may lose; I don't believe the boys will hold them.'

" 'Won't hold 'em! Your Great Grandmother's Fiddlesticks they won't! Why they c'n hold two such teams, diggin' their toes in the ground and grittin' their teeth that way. Look at that now, they didn't make an inch, and they won't either.' No sir, and they didn't. They might as well have tried to go through a side of a house as through that team of ours. They could have held 'em there till the Judgment Day if it had been necessary; but it wasn't. Our boys got the ball themselves in a minute and then there was some playin'. They went at that Golden team like they'd eat 'em up. They brought the ball back nearly across the field and then a fellow kicked a Princeton, at least that's what they called it; anyway he kicked the ball from the field right over the cross bar that holds the goal post together; and then there *was* some yellin'. All the whoopin' and hollerin' they'd done before compared with it 'bout as the noise of a lamb's tail strikin' in a felt hat would compare with the ringin' of a church bell.

"After that it was easier. Golden seemed to lose courage, and our boys ran over 'em and under 'em and through 'em and around 'em and made touch-downs and kicked Princetons till I lost all count.

"The game was finished at last, and I was nearly so. I was as tired as a dog after a long run, and my voice was almost gone. But still I was happy, and proud of Dick and everyone else that had anything to do with winnin' that game. I heard they were goin' to have a procession around town that

evenin' and I hired a tally-ho and took Nellie and a lot of her friends in it and went along with the procession. We had most as good a time as we'd had at the game, but I haven't been so tired for years and years.

"They invited me to a big banquet they had for the team just before I left. They had so much stuff to eat I was afraid the rest o' the people in town would have to go hungry. Then they had some speeches. The President o' the College spoke, and the Captain o' the team, and the Coach, and several others, and then they called on me, though why I don't know. I did the best I could—praised 'em up, and told 'em a story or two, and judgin' from the way they laughed and the way Dick pounded me on the back and called me a trump after we got to his room, I guess they was pretty well pleased with what I said.

"I don't know why but I felt as though I'd like to stay there and go to school myself but I couldn't, so yesterday I said good-bye and came home. Nellie and Dick are comin' home Christmas and bring some o' their friends with 'em and you just come over and we'll have the biggest time you ever dreamed of.

"What? Am I goin' to see the Thanksgivin' game next year? Yes sir! I am, if it takes the last dollar I've got on earth."







# Minerva Function



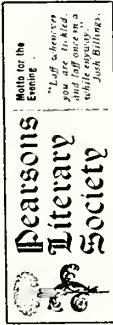
MINERVA gave her third annual musical, or as it is commonly termed, "The Minerva Function," on the Wednesday before the Christmas holidays, December 17th. It was held, as has always been the custom, in the parlors at Ticknor hall, refreshments being served down-stairs in the Study room.

The musical consisted of seven numbers by Mrs. Fanny Aiken Tucker, with Mr. Goldmark presiding at the piano. The following was the program:

1. Voi che sapete (Marriage of Figaro).....*Mozart*  
My Mother Bids Me.....*Hadyn*
2. Les Larmes .....*Massenet*  
Aime-Moi ..... *Bemberg*
3. The Lorelei ..... *Liszt*
4. Der Nussbaum ..... *Schumann*  
Haendchen ..... *Franz*  
Ich Liebe Dich ..... *Grieg*
5. Summer ..... *Chamade*
6. The Rosary ..... *Nevin*  
The Swan and the Lily ..... *MacDowell*  
At Parting ..... *Rogers*  
The Rose Leans Over the Pool ..... *Chadwick*
7. A Song of Sunshine ..... *Goring Thomas*

Immediately after the program Minerva and her guests, eighty-four in all, formed a grand march, led by President Slocum and the President of Minerva, to the Study room. Here a progressive luncheon of six courses was served. Above the twenty small tables and the one large one at which the honorary members of Minerva sat, was a canopy made of ribbons of blue and white crepe paper—blue and white being the colors of Minerva. From the center was hung a large blue and white M within a circle, the symbol of Minerva. About the room were palms and other potted plants and bowls of narcissus. At each place was found a sprig of holly, in honor of the season, and name cards of blue with the head of Minerva and the name of the person done in white enamel.

# THIRD ANNIVERSARY BANQUET OF THE



Motto for the Evening  
"Lift whenever you are lifted and lift others while you are." — Josh Billings.

Saturday Evening.  
March 9th, 1901.

## Toasts.

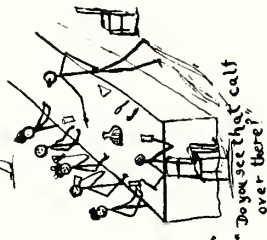
1. OUR VISITORS. Ray M. Dickinson, '01  
"Gentlemen, the penance lies on you, if these fair ladies pass away frowning." — Shakespeare.
2. THE BACKWARD LOOK. Judson L. Cross, '01  
"Our history shall with full mouth speak freely of our acts." — Shakespeare.
3. CHARACTER SKETCH. E. Lee Holden, '02  
"A mighty hunter, and his prey was man."  
"The proper study of mankind is man." — Pope.
4. THAT DEBATE. W. D. Van Nostran, '03  
"He lost the game; no matter for that—  
He kept his temper and swung his bat  
To cheer the winner a better way  
Than to lose his temper and win the day."
5. OUR ALUMNI. Willis R. Armstrong, '99  
"Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easier for his feet." — J. Selden.
6. MUSIC. "When Day Fades," J. A. Parks  
Pearsons' Quintette: Messrs. W. P. Nash, '01, J. H. Nash, '04, Shantz, '01, McLean, '01, Butler, '04.  
"Tax not so bad a voice to slander music any more than once." — Shakespeare.  
"Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life." — Auerbach.
7. THE FORWARD LOOK. Dudley White, '04  
"It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are." — Mrs. Whiting.
8. SENIOR EXODIC. Benjamin M. Rastall, '01  
"We never do anything consciously for the last time without sadness of heart." — Dr. Johnson.
9. DR. PEARSONS. Pres. W. F. Slocum  
"A little moralizing's good—a little; I like a taste, but not a bath of it." — Ennius.



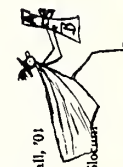
Menu.

- BLUE POINTS
- QUEEN OLIVES
- CONSONNANCE OF FOWL EN CUPS
- BREAD STICKS
- BRIMLAW MACKINAW TROUT, NAIRNE D' HOTEL
- COMME PARISIENS
- YOUNG TURKEY, ENGLISH FILLING, CRANBERRY SAUCE
- MILKED POTATOES
- BAKED SWEET POTATOES
- LUNCHEON MEAT IN CASES
- ORANGE SHERBET
- CHICKEN FRICASSEE, NEW ENGLAND
- QUEEN FRITTERS, GLACE AU SUCRE
- LOBSTER SALAD
- HOTTON CREAM PIE
- APPLE TAROCCA PUDDING WITH CREAM
- RHINE WINE JELLY
- NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM
- ASSORTED CAKE
- DATE; FIGS BANANAS
- APPLIES ORANGES NUTS RAISINS
- AMERICAN AND EDAM CHEESE
- CASEN JIR

MARCH 9, 1901  
Cedar Rapids, IOWA



"Do you see that cat  
over there?"



# Senior Garden Party



**T**HE CLASS of 1900 introduced an innovation into the Commencement week program which proved to be one of the most thoroughly delightful social functions of the College year. It took the form of a garden party which was held on the beautiful lawn of Miss Mary Lockhart's home, on the evening of June 8th.

The Seniors realized that the limited number of those who could be invited to the regular Senior reception would confine the invitations to that event to the relatives and intimate friends of the graduates. In order that they might entertain all their friends they conceived the idea of holding an open-air reception, with the Glee club to assist in entertaining.

Miss Lockhart and the officers of the class received the guests at the foot of the steps leading up to the verandah. Over three hundred friends of the class gathered on the lawn which was brilliantly illuminated, many colored lanterns assisting Luna in shedding light upon the scene.

The large verandah was reserved for the members of the Glee club, making an ideal stage setting. Throughout the evening the club sang in their usual delightful manner, furnishing a most pleasing entertainment.

Truly it was a happy inspiration which prompted the fete and the Senior garden party won for itself a lasting place in the social life of Colorado College.

# The Insignia Party of '01



**T**HERE IS a time-honored custom in Colorado College that in the fall of every year the Senior and Junior classes shall meet in solemn session and dispose, according to their best judgment, of that troublesome being, Class Antagonism, which has been the cause of so much disturbance between them in former years.

In '99 the action taken seemed rather unwarranted as the unfortunate Class Spirit was declared dead and was buried with pomp and ceremony, without any vestage of a trial which is the right of every American citizen.

In contrast to this obvious injustice the class of '01 invited the class of '02 to be present at a formal trial which was held November 14th at the house of Mr. Frost, a member of the former class.

The Seniors, arrayed in cap and gown, presented a most imposing spectacle. Mr. Pardee, '01, acted as judge, and Miss Grace Loomis was lawyer for the defense, while Mr. Rastall was prosecuting attorney, with Miss Van Wagenen as clerk, Mr. Waddle as sheriff, Mr. Hoyne as bailiff, and the remaining Seniors empannelled as jury. The ceremony could not fail to be impressive.

Court was called by the bailiff and the prisoner was led in. The defense was able, but as the witnesses were called it was evident that her client's chances of acquittal decreased. One of the witnesses, Pres. W. F. Slocum, was proved to have accepted a bribe and therefore his testimony was not received. The jury, at the end of the trial, were rudely awakened from their peaceful slumbers and retired, promptly bringing in the verdict of guilty. The judge then pronounced the sentence, "To be hung by the neck until dead," and the unfortunate prisoner, on hearing it, collapsed so completely that it is not recorded whether there was anything left to hang or not.

Just at the closing of the court Mr. Holden asked for a moment's attention, and in behalf of the Junior class presented to each of the Seniors a photograph of President Slocum as a token of the good will now existing between the classes.

After these weighty matters were attended to, refreshments were served and the party broke up with many thanks to Mr. Frost for his hospitality.

## Insignia Day



Spinning Tops  
Peggy

Rolling Hoops  
Ben and Jud



# The Foot Ball Banquet



**A**T THE CLOSE of the football season when hero worship is at its height and the training table is fresh in your mind, the annual banquet is the only thing to live for.

The friends of the College seemed especially anxious this year to show their delight over the successful season and to thank the boys very substantially.

This year's banquet and reception was given at the Alamo, December 8th, 1900. After the reception the team proceeded to elect the next year's captain. Three hearty rah! rah! rahs!! for Jonson announced him the honored man.

There was a siege of congratulations and then all met in the banquet hall. The room and table were beautifully decorated with College colors. In the center of the table stood the much eulogized ball and cup. Here and there were miniature tigers, showing the places of the respective captains.

Everybody was happy that night. There was a blaze of sparkling wit from the beginning to the end. Courses came and went—no one heeded the time.

Prof. Ahlers, the toastmaster, was not only witty himself but the cause that wit was in other men. Pres. Slocum, Prof. Cajori, Mr. Moses T. Hale, Ex-Capt. Griffith, Capt. Lennox, C. S. H. S., Prof. Smith, Coach Ewing, Capt. Mead, of baseball, and Capt.-Elect Jonson responded with toasts.—“A feast of reason and a flow of soul.”

The evening broke up with the usual yells, the football boys feeling well repaid for their hard work and prouder than ever of the successful season.

# The Colonial Party



**I**T WAS nineteen hundred and one. The twenty-second of February was near at hand. There was much excitement among the Shades. For, for more than the 100th time must they not put on their company smile and manner, and go across to visit dear old mother earth?

There was much discussion as to what place should be honored this time. Mr. Washington himself decided that matter very quickly. “I shall be seen,” he said, “within the walls of Colorado Springs, within the College gates this year, just as I have been for three or four previous years. Why

do I go there? Because that is the most beautiful spot on earth. Because when I think of the beauties I missed, when one of the mortals, by never having seen that grand old peak, that wonderful old garden—the abode of the gods,—when I think of all this, I feel that my life on earth was most incomplete. The one or two glimpses granted me, of the Delaware and the surrounding beauties of country, can never quite compensate for my loss in not having seen the glories of the ‘great new West.’ ”

After many days the company assembled at Ticknor hall, Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado. It was soon found, much to the chagrin of some, that a day had been lost; it was the 23rd and not the 22nd of February. But when one of the number spoke to Mr. Washington, trying to console him for the mistake, he said, “All things, even to time and place, are as they should be—this is Colorado College.”

When, the next morning after the departure of this illustrious company, the names of the citizens who had gone to earth appeared in the “Styx’s Gazette,” they were these: General Washington, Lady Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, Lady Mildmay, Nathan Hale, Paul Revere, Ethan Allen, Lady Mary Carlyle, Dolly Madison, Benjamin Franklin, Mrs. Franklin, Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith and Colonel B—.

These were the comments which appeared in the College paper the morning of the 24th:

“Ticknor hall was the scene of a most delightful party last evening, given in honor of guests of Colonial fame.”

“The costumes of the ladies at the ball last evening were more beautiful than any ever before seen at a College function. Lady Washington was dressed in a handsome gown of silk brocade. Dolly Madison wore one of her favorite silk poplins in a beautiful shade of wine. Lady Mildmay was elegant in a watered silk with high trimmings. Mrs. Franklin showed her usual taste by wearing a clinging challis, with rare old lace and handsome back-comb. Janice Meredith was perhaps the youngest member present, but scarcely the least dignified. She was beautiful in a simple blue silk muslin.”

“The most charming bit of last evening was the dancing of the minuet by ten youths and maidens, sons and daughters of prominent men of the eighteenth century. Their costumes were beautiful though not elegant, and their grace far excelled that of the present-day boy and girl. Mrs. Franklin was their leader and deserves much credit for her painstaking work.”

Following the minuet was the grand march, in which all took part. Later came the more modern dances which our Colonial guests seemed to find very pleasing indeed.

After a most happy evening spent together, the company lead by Mr. and Mrs. Washington, said good-bye to earth and earth’s friends, and once more returned to their quiet and joyful life beyond the Styx.



# Barbecue Washburn Field Oct. 31, 1900.



**E**ACH YEAR, the 31st of October marks an epoch in the history of the Sophomore class, for they "haud their Halloween fu' blithe that night" in playing the part of host to the rest of the College.

It has become the hereditary ambition of the Sophomore class to give a better Barbecue than the class of the year before; and the Class of 1903 was not slow in casting about for new ideas and means for improving the old ones.

The night was just such a one as that on which the goblins and sprites are supposed to hold their annual revel—clear and cold. The snow storm—so heartily sanctioned by precedent—was this year propitiously absent. Towards evening Washburn Field began to take on a strange and unwonted appearance, and later the entrance gate and posts scattered over the field bore enormous jack-o'-lanterns, with grinning countenances so hideous that the goblins in whose honor they were made, would have been proud to bear them.

The grand-stand was decorated with Japanese lanterns and black and gold bunting. All in all a most festive scene. Nor was there anything lukewarm in the enthusiasm of the guests, who came "armed and equipped as the law demands" with cups, knives and forks.

The program consisted of the usual "good-cheer speeches," but with more musical numbers. Each class was represented on the program and chose its own representatives.

When the program was finished the big bon-fire in the center of the field was lighted and the refreshments served by the Sophomore waiters. Mutton, pork, bread, pickles, cider, apples and peanuts made up the menu.

The cake-walk (another innovation) brought the entertainment to an end. A space had been roped off in front of the grand-stand and to the music furnished by the College String-band, three or four couples entered the contest for the cake.

As the last shout of revelry died away the Sophomores laid much "flattering unction to their souls" that thus successfully had another Barbecue gone to swell the ranks of College "good times."

# The Apollonian Banquet

Held at the Alta Vista, March 15, 1901



*"Small cheer and great welcome make  
a merry feast."*

## Coasts

1. Toastmaster ..... C. W. WEISER  
*"Beware the Ides of March."*
2. Literary Societies ..... PRES. W. F. SLOCUM  
*"Truth is truth to the end of reckoning."*
3. The Ladies ..... E. J. LAKE  
*"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."*
4. Place of the Club in College ..... S. S. PACKARD  
*"An honest tale speeds best being plainly told."*
5. Inspirations for the Future ..... A. E. HOLT  
*"Small to greater matters must give way."*
6. Bureau of Information ..... BEN GRIFFITH  
*"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English."*
7. Music ..... APOLLONIAN QUARTETTE





# Contemporary Musicales



**T**HE CONTEMPORARY Literary club gave its first social function in the spring of 1900. Though the society was very young at the time it demonstrated by this as well as it has since by its work that it is by no means behind the other societies in either the social or literary line.

The club entertained about two hundred of its friends in the beautiful Art rooms of Perkins hall. The largest of these rooms contains the Hagerman collection of paintings, which always lends the charm of interest and attractiveness. Potted plants and cut flowers added to the artistic effect. The two smaller rooms adjoining were decorated with carnations, the club flower, and with plants. Many little cozy corners were arranged with divans loaded with College and class pillows. In a third room, ices and cake were served by the girls to their guests after the entertainment of the evening was concluded.

Miss Pansy Raynolds, President of the society, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Slocum and Miss Loomis. After a short time spent in greetings and chat the company was treated to a very delightful song program given by Mr. and Mrs. George F. Crampton. Mr. Crampton made a few introductory remarks as to the nature and style of the songs, which were old English ballads. The solos and duets showed the audience the full charm of Mr. Crampton's rich barytone voice and Mrs. Crampton's beautiful contralto. The excellent judgment shown in the selection of the songs and the variety that was given made the evening pass very pleasantly and, indeed, seem all too short.

The girls then mingled with their guests, serving refreshments and chatting with them. All things must end, however, and especially pleasant things, so the evening was soon brought to a close and at a late hour the guests departed.

## Banquet of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs

1900



**N**O OTHER party of last year was enjoyed with more true zest than the banquet of the Glee and Mandolin clubs, at Broadmoor. Perhaps it was because examinations were over at last and everybody felt free to forget all he knew. Perhaps it was because it was a perfect moonlight night in June—such as always inspire that happy-go-lucky feeling. But certainly, no matter what the “perhapses” may have been, the determination of the hosts that their guests should have a good time succeeded admirably.

Dr. and Mrs. Slocum, Prof. and Mrs. Parsons, and Mr. Omar Gillette, a former member of the Glee club, were among the especially honored guests. Certain of these honored guests, whose positions are too high for personal mention, greatly imperiled the success of the party by rowing on the lake, and we regret to say, throwing stones at each other. The boats were about as unsafe as glass houses. But that’s another story.

The company sat at one long table lighted by candleabra, the red shades shedding a soft light over the scene. The long windows were wide open, letting in the cool mountain air which bore with it the strains of the orchestra outside. ’Twas more than a “feast of reason and of wit” but those attributes of a successful banquet were by no means lacking.

Mr. Layton acted as toast-master, and called upon Mr. Hamlin, as manager of the club, to say something of the work of the season just completed. Mr. Hamlin saw a loop-hole for escape in the quotation which the toast-master had assigned him, “Of their own merits modest men are dumb,” and refused to say more than a word or two.

Dr. Slocum’s seminar on the “Ethical Basis of Glee Clubs” was very much to the point, as all his ethicals are. Mr. E. H. Carrington, Mr. O. R. Gillette, Mr. C. W. Bowers and Prof. Parsons each spoke briefly and interestingly.

After the toasts the guests assembled on the balcony to hear for the last time the Glee club of 1900 sing the melodies so full of pleasant associations to all.

# The Senior Picnic



THE ANNUAL function given by the Juniors to the Seniors last year took the form of a railroad excursion to Cascade Canon. It was the last meeting of the classes of 1900 and 1901. The first meeting had been in the dust in front of Palmer; '01 went down in defeat, but cherished no ill feeling toward the class which defeated her. From that time on there were more or less friendly encounters between the two classes, each one tending to increase the good feeling which had existed at the beginning. So when it came to deciding what to do as a farewell to the Seniors, '01 decided that an opportunity had come to show her executive powers in giving '00 an enjoyable time. That she succeeded will be admitted by all who had the good fortune to spend May 30th of last year in Cascade Canon.

The invitations were in the form of railroad passes. Beside the members of the two classes, President and Mrs. Slocum and Dr. Lancaster were invited as chaperons.

At 11 o'clock the train left the Tejon Street station. After about an hour's journey, most of the time in the tunnels for which Ute Pass is famous, the party got off at Cascade station and was ready for a day's stroll through the mountains. A lunch was served on Picnic Rock, and then the Canon was filled with Seniors, throwing care to the winds and laying dignity aside for the last time, and with Juniors congratulating themselves that they had a year of college left.

At 5 p. m. the train came back. Some of the party, including the chaperons, walked down to Manitou and took the street-cars home. But the majority came down in the special car, singing College songs to end what had been a most pleasant day to all.



Coasting  
at  
Cascade

## Second Inter-Society Debate



**Pearsons Literary Society**

vs.

**Apollonian Club**



**January 25th, 1901**



PROF. RITCHIE, Presiding.

Music—Love's Dream After the Ball.....  
GIRL'S GLEE CLUB.

Debate—"Resolved, That the Gothenburg System of Controlling the  
Liquor Traffic, Modified, should be Adopted in the United States."

NOTE—The modification to include all Malt liquors.

Affirmative—Pearsons.

B. M. RASTALL,  
W. D. VAN NOSTRAN,  
JUDSON L. CROSS.

Negative—Apollonian.

S. S. PACKARD,  
E. J. LAKE,  
C. W. WEISER.

Music—Black Virginia Boy .....  
GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

JUDGES—HON. H. C. HALL, DR. W. H. W. BOYLE, PROF. E. G. LANCASTER.

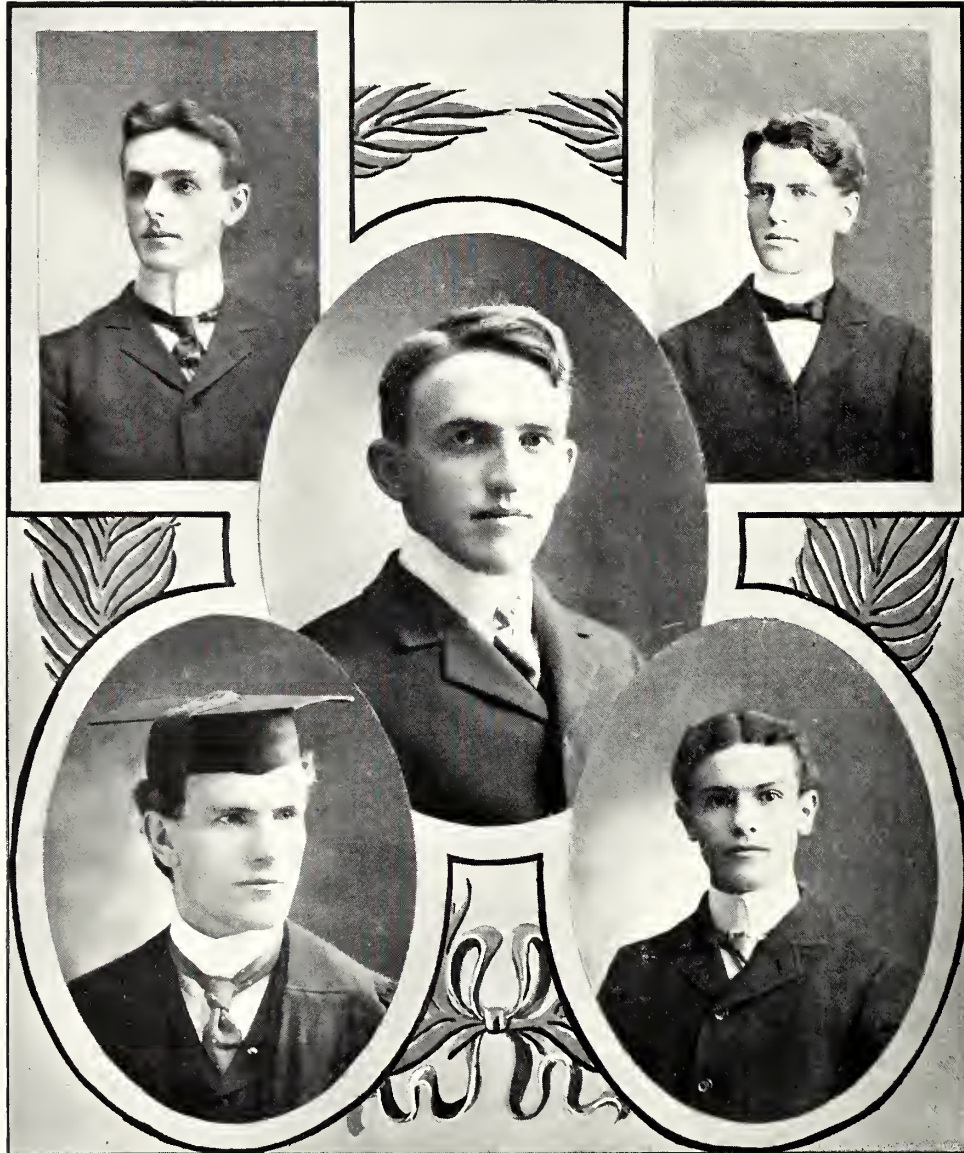
Decision of the Judges, in favor of the negative.



# Organizations



## The Tiger Board



W. P. NASH  
Editor-in-Chief

BENJAMIN GRIFFITH  
Business Manager

MERRILL HOLT  
Ass't Business Manager

H. L. McCLINTOCK  
Associate Editor

J. L. CROSS  
Associate Editor

# Vivette Society

With apologies to Gillette Burgess



## Officers

President . . . . . PLOTTER OF STRANGE ROMANCE.  
Vice-President . . . . . EVADER OF STERN FORMALITY.  
Secretary . . . . . KUNNING MALICE KONTRIVER.  
Treasurer . . . . . ROYAL GRAND BEGINNER.  
Corresponding Secretary . . . . . MIGHTY KLEVER WORKER.  
Factotem (by virtue of initiation) . . . . . GRAND DUPE.

## References

Miss Grace Dudley,	Mr. Otway Pardee,
Mr. Benjamin Griffith,	Miss Ada Seifried,
Mr. Merrill Holt,	Mr. Fred C. Sager,
Mr. Rufus Mead.	



The laudable object of this secret society is to stimulate, in so far as possible in the work-a-day College life, a halo of romantic mysteriousness about anyone desiring same.

From the start the society was well patronized by a number of young people desirous of forsaking the obscure walks of private life for the lofty pinnacle of public interest. So successful has been the work of the society that, unmasked, many of the grateful subjects have sent us testimonials of their satisfaction. One young lady writes:

"DEAR SIRs:—I never knew what good society was until I put myself in your hands.

ONE WHOM YOU HAVE ETERNALLY BENEFITED."

And a prominent young man writes:

"Since the 15th of last May I have found life worth living. Many thanks, kind friends, for the pleasantest evening of my life."

From these testimonials you will at once see that the Vivette society is destined to fill a long-felt want in the social life of the College. We feel that

as the years come and go and the Campus becomes parked, that both students, Faculty and others will recognize and approve so noble and beneficial a work. One member of the Faculty is even now upon the brink of joining.

Anyone desiring to be helped by the society should make an appointment to meet the Corresponding Secretary at midnight upon the Spruce Street bridge. Suitable chaperons will be provided for non-faculty subjects.

Our terms are exceedingly reasonable and within the reach of all. The regular price is one dollar per treatment, but for those who have not yet paid their athletic subscriptions the price will be reduced. Small tokens of flowers even have been accepted by the society, from grateful subjects too indigent to pay the pecuniary remuneration. Dahlias and marigolds are especially appreciated.

In order that prospective patrons may form an idea of our line of work, we cite a few general cases :

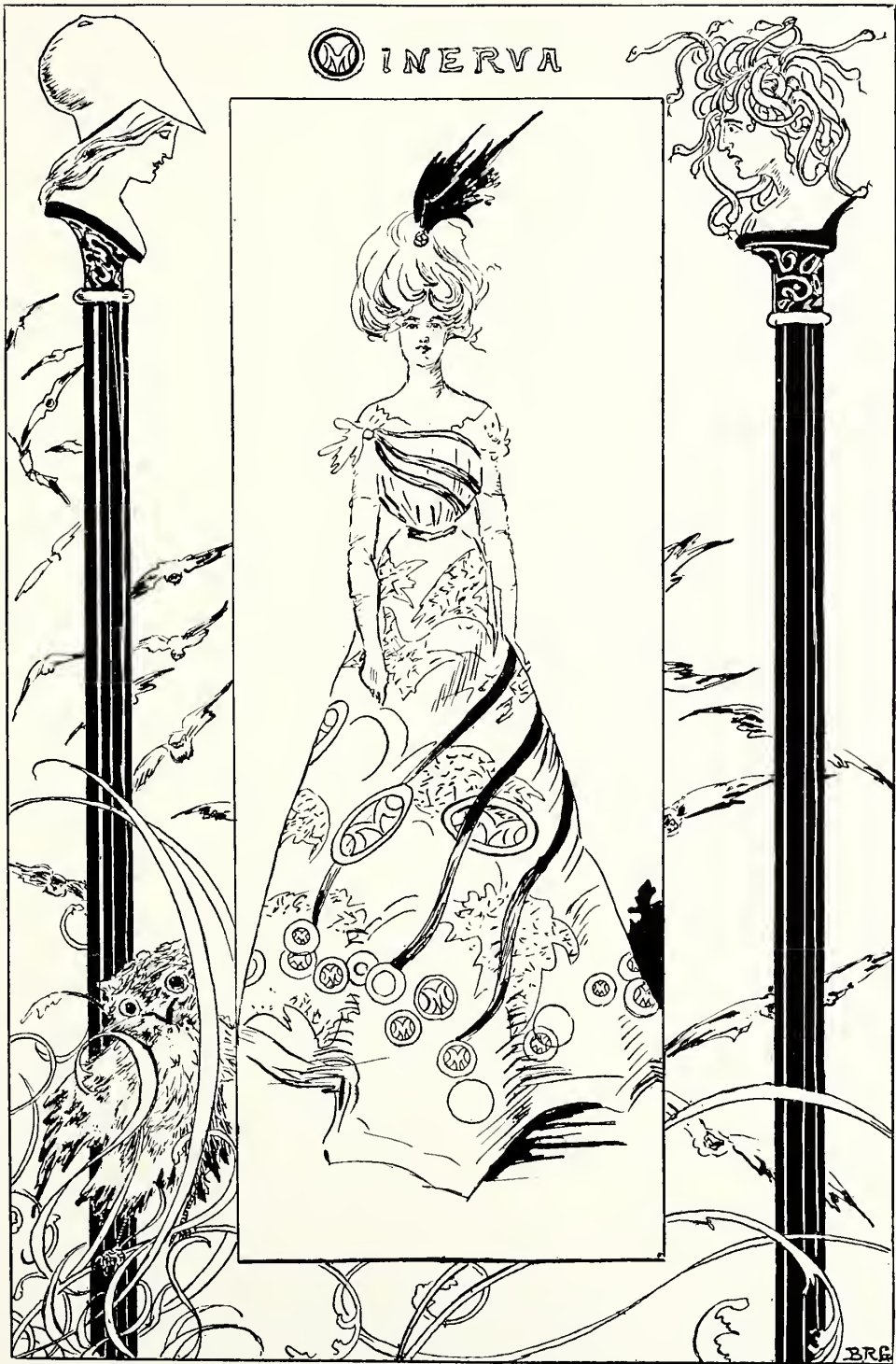
1. We compose poetry for any occasion, especially to accompany flowers.
2. At any time of day or night we send telegrams to anybody anywhere to call them from or upon the scene of action at critical moments.
3. We teach inexperienced maidens proper observance of the unwritten laws of etiquette.
4. We give ethical talks or any other kind of talk. We especially crave this sort of patronage.
5. Mathematical problems are solved, rooms refurnished and re-arranged; tennis courts laid out, the right stand taken in matters of etiquette, etc., *ad infinitum*.

All our business, from love affairs to dish-washing, is carried on in a romantically secret and entrancingly mysterious manner, usually after night-fall.

We humbly crave your patronage and may add that if you withhold it you are likely to regret doing so, as you cannot hope to evade our omnipresent influence and all-pervading vigilance.







# Minerva Society



## Officers

President .....	A. LOUISE STEELE.
Vice-President .....	VINA WYMAN.
Treasurer .....	BERTHA M. MCKINNIE.
Secretary .....	EDITH C. SLOANE.
Factotum .....	HARRIET CRISSEY.

## Members

Lucile Alderdice, '03,	Edith C. Sloane, '02,
Grace L. Bradshaw, '01,	Osie F. Smith, '02,
Eva Canon, '04,	Louise Steele, '01,
Harriet Crissey, Spl.,	Bonnie E. Steele, '02,
Nell Davis, '04,	Lois V. Stoddard, '02,
Elizabeth Elliot, '02,	Eulalie Reinhardt, '04,
Bonnie R. Ginger, Spl.,	Elizabeth C. Taylor, Spl.,
Ella L. Graber, '02,	Lucy Taylor, '03,
Addie Heron, Spl.,	Ethel Van Wagenen, '01,
Florence E. Isham, Spl.,	Mary F. Wheeler, '01,
Florence Leidigh, '02,	Anne L. Wheeler, '04,
Merle M. McClintock, '01,	Vina Wyman, '01,
Madge McHendrie, '03,	Cora Wilcox, '04,
Bertha McKinnie, '02,	May Flentye, Spl.,
Jen Porter, Spl.,	Marie Gashwiler, '02,
N. Priscilla Sater, Spl.,	Myrtle L. Herring, '02,
Jeannette Scholtz, '03,	




Minerva Society



# Minerva



HE MINERVA SOCIETY is this year seeing one of its most prosperous periods since its organization nearly ten years ago. This is all the more satisfactory to the members, when they consider the condition of the society at the beginning of the year. Last year so many of the best and most faithful members left the College, that only a small band was left to take up the ambitious lines of work belonging to a literary society. However, it was not long before the vacancies were filled and the weekly meetings renewed this year under greatly improved conditions, or rather—roof. Last spring Apollo generously offered to share his temple with Minerva, and on the renewal of his invitation in September, the goddess gratefully took up her abode in Apollonian Hall.

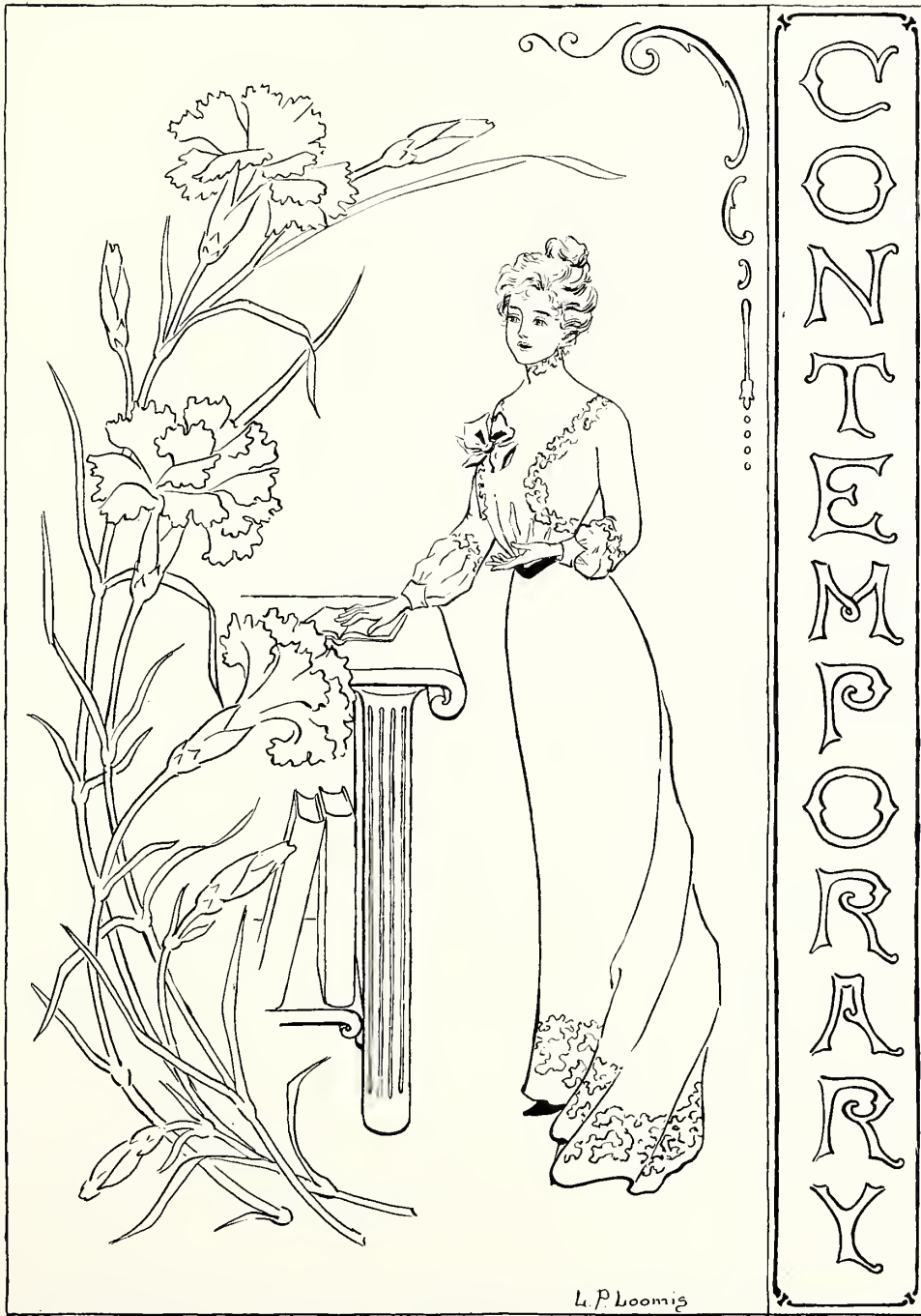
So here, at 4:15 p. m. every Friday, the society gives its program, classical, musical, artistic, political, critical or whatever the fertile-brained program committee prescribes. Then follows a heated business meeting—Minerva's war council—where each member considers herself a person of some responsibility and gives voice in the general discussion of the campaign. Here also looks down upon its worshipers Minerva's owl, the symbol of what her devotees zealously strive for—wisdom.

There is a social side, too, in the life of the society, in which the fun varies from the formal musicale in December, to spreads and farces and breakfasts in the Canon. At all of these gatherings the Minervan heartily enjoys herself, but beyond a doubt the farces are most popular; and although few of us will ever be Bernhardtts or Terrys, yet everyone can win a triumph on the the Minerva stage.

The pride of the society is the Alumnae, who have regularly organized and meet weekly. It is a flourishing club of considerable size and is regarded by all the girls with true filial affection. This Alumnae society typifies one of Minerva's highest aims—that there may be sincere fellowship among all the members, and that, in striving for industry and wisdom, they may be so united in purpose and spirit that each may feel—

“Once a Minervan, always a Minervan.”





L. Ploomis

# The Contemporary Club



## Officers

President .....	GRACE LOOMIS.
Vice-President .....	RUTH BRUSH.
Secretary .....	GRACE DUDLEY.
Treasurer .....	ELLA FILLIUS.

## Members

Edith Albert,  
Ruth Brush,  
Fanny Borst,  
Eveline Campbell,  
Louise Currier,  
Cornelia Barnes,  
Grace Dudley,  
Ethelwyn Fezer,  
Ella Fillius,  
Muriel Hill,  
Kate Kiteley,  
Lola Knight,  
Ruth Lewis,  
Grace Loomis,

Louise Loomis,  
Lotta Meacham,  
Flora McGee,  
Clare McCoy,  
Pansy Raynolds,  
Louise Root,  
Ethel Smeigh,  
Aly Spencer,  
Ada Seifried,  
Lillian Sawyer,  
Wilma Turk,  
Marian Williams,  
Ella Warner.



Contemporary Club

# Contemporary



WHEN IN the fall of 1899 a second literary organization for girls was formed, the name "Contemporary Club" was chosen as being significant of the character of the society. No hard and fast rules were made regarding lines of work, but the club has been working into modern literature fields. No college woman has time to read much current literature, and the criticism and discussions of new books has proved not only to be of delightful interest but also a means of culture to the members.

Occasionally some standard novel is reviewed for the purpose of training the members to careful criticism and nice discrimination, and by discussion and comparison of literary standards, both taste and judgment are cultivated.

Beside the book reviews, the program generally includes some number concerning the author, and always a short review of current news topics.

Not least among the aims of the society is that which shall train the young women to easy speech and direct logical thinking, and one never finds a Contemporary girl reading articles before the society. All the program work is done without notes.

For three weeks during the fall of 1900, Contemporary suspended her regular work to listen to illustrated lectures upon Pre-Raphael art, which Mrs. Leslie Skelton offered to give before the society. These proved to be the rarest treat in our history and it was with great pleasure that we were able to invite Minerva to share our enjoyment in the last lecture of the series.

Since then two delightful lectures have been given before the club on Japanese art and customs. The first was given by Mrs. Ahlers, who read a part of a paper on this subject prepared by Mrs. Chain while in Japan. Miss French, the well-known illustrator, gave the second lecture, making it delightful with charming anecdotes and her large collection of photographs.

Though not organized for social purposes, the Contemporary club has had its full share of social pleasures. Her formal introduction occurred in May of 1900, when all of the Faculty and some students and friends were invited to a lecture recital in the Art rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Crampton, of Denver, were secured for the evening and charmingly entertained the company with old English songs and ballads, after which, ices and cakes were served.

The membership of the club is not large, although it has grown since last year. But the girls are congenial and enthusiastic and a successful career can be hoped for.



# Apollonian Club



## Officers

President ..... C. W. WEISER.  
Vice-President ..... E. J. LAKE.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... TRACY R. LOVE.  
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... LEONARD INGERSOLL.

## Members

1901.  
Hildreth Frost,  
Ralph N. Robertson,  
Ben Griffith.

1902.  
Gordon Berry,  
Frank H. Gleason,  
Merrill Holt,  
Charles W. Hurd,  
Leonard Ingersoll,  
Tracy Love,  
Rufus Mead,  
Sperry Packard,  
Harold L. Ross,  
C. William Weiser.

1903.  
Eric J. Lake,  
Lacy McClintock,

Carl Plumb,  
Charles Stillman.

1904.  
H. C. Andrews,  
W. C. Bybee,  
Hopkins Clark,  
Clarence English,  
George Gardiner,  
W. L. Hogg,  
Clyde Howell,  
Theodore Hunt,  
Ernest L. Kitley,  
Frank Pettibone,  
D. G. Rice,  
Charles Welch.

### *Specials.*

Chalmers P. Wells,  
B. G. Williams.

## Apollonian History



The Apollonian club has had its reverses. Notably in 1899, when Pearsons won the inter-society debate and succeeded in placing two men on the Nebraska debating team. But it needed just such reverses to rouse the club to action. Since that time we have won the majority of debating honors; in 1900 of the three men and substitute on the Nebraska team, three were Apollonians; in 1901 Pearsons was defeated in the inter-society debate; again in 1901 two of the three regular men on the Nebraska team are sons of Apollo.

We are proud of present victories. Yet the past history of the club is truly a glorious one. Founded in 1890, it is the oldest literary society in Colorado College. Its work in those early years has meant much towards a fostering and growth of literary work in the College which finds its culmination to-day in the inter-society and inter-state debates. The club, when without a rival, maintained competition in literary work by holding two prize debates in 1897 and 1898 which were open to club

members. Again, in the spring of 1898, wishing to widen the scope in debating, the club in the name of the College challenged the University of Nebraska. The challenge was accepted, and three Apollonians upheld the honor of the College in the first inter-state debate held in Colorado.

In the spring of 1900 Apollo found himself hampered for room. The old society room in Palmer Hall was utilized too extensively by the College. New quarters must be secured. Accordingly every club member sacrificed to his utmost financially; then a committee waited on Apollonian alumni and friends. As a result \$800 was raised, with which has been built the Apollonian Club-house, the exclusive property of the club. It is excellently furnished with chairs, study tables, pictures, piano, etc., and is accessible to club members at all times.



Apollonian Club



The social life of the club is enjoyable. Each year we have an opening reception to all students, and at the close of the College year a "blow out" to which the young ladies are invited. In the early spring occurs the annual banquet. The last banquet was held March 15, 1901, at the Alta Vista hotel. Let it be understood, however, that the club does not exist primarily as a social organization. The club stands primarily and mainly for hard, thorough, conscientious work in literary and debating lines.

In conclusion we say to those who think of becoming part of us: you will find here football, baseball, glee club men, men from all departments of College life. But remember they are here for work. We believe in having a good time socially and fraternally, but much more emphatically do we believe in placing Apollo at the top rung of the ladder—which means supremacy in literary work.





# Pearsons Literary Society



## Officers

President ..... HUGH McLEAN.  
Vice-President ..... LeROY SHANTZ.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... R. S. BUTLER.  
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... RAY M. DICKINSON.

## Members

1901.

Judson L. Cross,  
Ray M. Dickinson,  
Hugh McLean,  
W. Percy Nash,  
Otway Pardee,  
Benjamin M. Rastall,  
Bernard L. Rice,  
LeRoy Shantz,  
Ralph C. Wells,  
A. D. Thompson.

1902.

Melville F. Coolbaugh,  
E. Lee Holden,  
Ben F. Moores,  
Charles T. Moore.

1903.

Albert Hardy,  
Fred C. Sager.

Fairfield Sylvester,  
O. D. Sherer,  
W. D. Van Nostran,  
John S. E. Houk.

1904.

R. S. Butler,  
R. C. Bull,  
John Y. Crothers,  
Chester F. Hoyt,  
Francis Loud,  
W. A. Leighton,  
J. Harold Nash,  
C. C. Pardee,  
Phidelah Rice,  
William M. Vories,  
Dudley A. White.

*Specials.*

S. H. Savage,  
M. S. Collins.



## Pearsons Literary Society History



**I**N MARCH 1, 1898, a few Freshmen and Sophomores, feeling the need of a second and more democratic literary society for men in Colorado College, met in an upper room in Hagerman Hall to talk over the situation. The result of that meeting was the founding of the Pearsons Literary society. The actual organization of the society and the adoption of a constitution occurred on Friday evening, March 3, 1898, in a room in Mrs. Henry's school on the southeast corner of the Campus, when sixteen men signed the constitution as charter members. After some deliberation, the society was named after the well-known and honored benefactor of our College, Dr. D. K. Pearsons. The real need of the new society was shown by its own remarkable growth and by its immediate influence on the other literary societies and on the literary life of the whole College. During the first spring of its existence, the society showed few outward signs of growth but a good inner spirit of unity and work was attained as a foundation for future progress.

The next year was marked by a most remarkable growth which exceeded even the greatest hopes of the founders of the society. The first inter-society debate with the Apollonian club resulted in a most decisive victory for Pearsons; the first anniversary of the society was celebrated by a delightful banquet at the Alta Vista Hotel, and Pearsons had two representatives on the first and only winning team in the inter-state debate with Nebraska. Their success was but the natural result of the hard and faithful work done by the individual members on the weekly programs.



Parsons Literary Society



During the following year, though the helpful stimulus of an inter-society debate was lacking, steady progress was made and a high standard of work maintained. Places were won in the home oratorical contest and in the Nebraska debate by Pearsons men and a representative was sent to the State oratorical contest. February 24, of this year, saw the dedication of a society room in the new Perkins Fine Arts building. At this dedication a number of the alumni members showed their interest and loyalty to Pearsons by the presentation of the fine portrait of President Slocum which hangs in our society room. The social life of the society was maintained and strengthened by numerous open meetings and receptions to which ladies and other guests were invited, and the year closed with a farewell reception to our Senior members.

The last year has been one of discipline as well as progress. The rival society, profiting by keen competition with Pearsons and by the lesson of '99, in a closely contested debate, carried off the honors—so hardly won were they, however, as to reflect great honor on Pearsons. Such defeats are a necessary aid to good growth and this defeat did not interfere with the growth of Pearsons. This is shown by the fact that the membership has increased materially and that both men, in the State oratorical contest, from Colorado College were Pearsons men. A place has also been won on the Nebraska debate. A new departure was made this year in the form of joint literary programs with both the young ladies' literary societies. These have been very popular as well as beneficial. On March 9, at the Alta Vista Hotel, the third anniversary of the organization of Pearsons was appropriately celebrated by an elegant and very successful banquet.

Such is our brief, but eventful history. Our society life is even more varied. Our aim—"To develop our members in public speaking, debate and in literary work, and to promote an interest along these lines in the College"—is carried out by our weekly programs with their debates, orations, speeches, papers, musical numbers and parliamentary drills. By our initiation, the new men are tested and a feeling of good nature and good fellowship is established among all. At the opening of each year a reception is given in our rooms to all new men, and there the new-comers are made acquainted with Pearsons and Pearsons with them. Though the real aim of Pearsons is hard work, the social side is not neglected. Pleasant relaxation from too close application to the intellectual work of the society, is found in occasional "ladies' nights," joint programs, receptions, and our annual banquets.

No society can live unto itself alone and do successful work. Accordingly Pearsons society has, and always will be on the side of every forward and upward movement in our College life and Pearsons is well represented in the responsible positions in every phase of our College activity. So long as the individual members keep the spirit of helpfulness toward each other; so long as the society as a whole keeps the spirit of helpfulness toward the College; so long will Pearsons fulfill the purpose for which it was founded, and so long will it maintain a position of leadership among the literary societies of the College.





# GLEE CLUBS



## Men's Glee Club

### Officers

President ..... H. L. SHANTZ.  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... C. H. ENGLISH.  
 Director ..... G. H. CRAMPTON.  
 Business Manager ..... H. L. ROSS.

### Members

#### *First Tenors.*

E. H. Carrington,  
 W. C. Bybee,  
 C. D. Armstrong,  
 F. F. Rheinhold.

#### *Second Tenors.*

J. H. Nash,  
 H. L. Ross,  
 C. H. English,  
 S. B. Ross.

#### *Barytones.*

L. S. Moore,  
 H. L. Shantz,  
 F. A. Davis.

#### *Bassos.*

G. H. Crampton,  
 C. C. Stillman,  
 R. S. Butler,  
 Gordon Berry.

## Mandolin Club

Director ..... H. L. SHANTZ.  
 Leader ..... R. S. BUTLER.

#### *First Mandolin.*

C. C. Lockhart,  
 J. H. Nash,  
 C. T. Emrich.

#### *Second Mandolin.*

Gordon Berry,  
 C. T. Bishop,  
 A. C. Wilson.

#### *Guitars.*

F. A. Davis,  
 E. C. Heinly,  
 C. C. Stillman.

#### *Banjo.*

R. S. Butler.

#### *Euphonium Soloist.*

H. L. Shantz.

*Pianist.*—F. Cleverly.

## Glee Club History

**T**HE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB is an organization of recent years but one which has grown to prominence rapidly and now occupies an acknowledged leading position in the student life.

The Glee club was organized in October, 1897, through the efforts of two members of the class of 1900. Richard Lamson, '98, was its first director. Later in the year he was made president and Mr. Clarence W. Bowers, of the Conservatory Faculty, was elected director.

The features of the first two years of the organization were Glee club work, vocal and mandolin solos and readings by Mr. Nowels, an inimitable dramatic impersonator.

Last year the Mandolin club was added and proved very popular. Mr. Bowers was again director, and built up a fine club. He also directed and led the Mandolin club. S. G. Hamlin, '02, managed the clubs through a most successful season which included a tour of western and southwestern Colorado and a portion of New Mexico. The clubs were given a magnificent ovation at their home concert in the Opera House last spring. The Glee club appeared at several College functions during the year and closed the season with a banquet at Broadmoor Casino in Commencement week.

This year the clubs, under the management of H. L. Ross, took a long and successful trip up into Wyoming and through the northern and northwestern portions of this State. The itinerary included Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyo., and Eaton, Greeley, Windsor, Fort Collins, Longmont, Denver, Montclair, Golden, Central City, Idaho Springs, Georgetown and Pueblo, in Colorado. A Christmas tour as far west as Salt Lake, Utah, had to be given up because of smallpox in many of the towns.

Everywhere the clubs were received heartily and received high words of praise. The Mandolin club, under the direction of H. L. Shantz and the leadership of R. S. Butler, was especially strong, while the Glee club, under the direction of Mr. George H. Crampton, did high-class work. The concerts were both artistic and entertaining. The home concert was given in the Opera House on the night of April 26 and was attended by a large and fashionable audience of townspeople besides the College students. It was a concert of high merit and the numbers won hearty applause and frequent encores. Mr. Crampton sang "The Toreador Song" from "Carmen" as one number, with the club assisting. It was a magnificent production. In addition to Mr. Crampton, the soloists were L. S. (or "Granny") Moore, barytone, and H. L. Shantz, euphonium.

The clubs advertised the College effectively by their concerts and their gentlemanly bearing everywhere. The College has been brought to the attention of the people of all parts of this State and parts of Wyoming and New Mexico by the four clubs which have sung for the "Black and Gold" and much benefit has already been derived from this effective advertising.



Colorado College Glee and Mandolin Clubs



## Girls' Glee Club



### Officers

President ..... MARIE F. GASHWILER.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... JESSIE A. HART,  
Director ..... MR. GEORGE H. CRAMPTON.

### Members

#### *First Soprano.*

May Cathcart,  
Louise Mitchell,  
Leila Sanstedt,  
Forence Leidigh,  
Elizabeth Towle.

#### *Second Soprano.*

Julia Stevens,  
Margaret McCarty,  
Lillian Johnson,  
Elizabeth Rouark,  
Muriel Hill.

#### *First Alto.*

Ella Graber,  
Jessie A. Hart,  
Marie Gashwiler,  
Mabel Carter.

#### *Second Alto.*

Florence Towle,  
Ethel Easley,  
Ethelwyn Fezer,  
Claudia Teape.

*Accompanist.*—Miss Gashwiler.



## History

**I**N THE past two years the Girls' Glee club has won a place among College organizations, and an enviable reputation as well. In the fall of 1900 the club was reorganized with Prof. Crampton as director, and under his able leadership the work progressed rapidly, and great results were expected. The girls sang upon several occasions, and by the time of the concert it was generally understood that the club would far excel its predecessor.

On the 21st of February a concert was held in Perkins Hall. A very interesting program was given, and the whole concert was a decided success. This was the first public concert ever given by a Girls' Glee club in Colorado College, but if signs do not fail the club has a bright future before it.



Girls' Glee Club



# Young Men's Christian Association



## Officers

President .....	RALPH C. WELLS.
Vice-President .....	JOHN S. E. HOUK.
Recording Secretary .....	H. LACY MCCLINTOCK.
Corresponding Secretary .....	HARRY L. ROSS.
Treasurer .....	ALBERT C. HARDY.



**T**HE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION of the College has for its purpose the development of Christian character among its members and the maintenance of a healthy Christian atmosphere in the College. It is a voluntary work by and for the College men.

During the present year the work has been very encouraging in almost all lines. The membership this year is the largest in the history of the organization, having reached 69. Of these 58 are active members and the rest associate.

The association began the College year with some of its practical work. A train committee met all trains to welcome the new students and look after their baggage, which was delivered without expense to them by the association expressman. Another committee met the men at Hagerman Hall and helped them to get acquainted and gave them useful information about the College and the city. This committee also had charge of the distribution of the "Student Hand-Books" which had been published during the summer by two of the association men. The day after College opened a social was held for the men and later in the week the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian associations gave a reception to all of the students.

Each Sunday afternoon the Y. M. C. A. holds its regular meeting at which some problem of the college man's life is discussed. These meetings are usually led by one of the members, though during the present year there have been a number of helpful talks by outside speakers. Among these were



President Slocum, Dr. Shedd, Mr. Dodge, Professor Gile, Dr. Bayley and Professor Strieby. The association also conducts prayers each evening at Hagerman Hall. The attendance at all of the meetings has kept up unusually well this year.

Colorado College has been very fortunate during this year in having visits from secretaries of the different student Christian organizations, and our Y. M. C. A. work has been greatly helped by the counsel of these men. Last spring Mr. H. W. Rose, of the International committee of Y. M. C. A. spent several days here and did a great deal to get the work in good shape for this year. Mr. G. W. Leavitt, of the Student Volunteer movement gave us a very helpful visit last fall. Mr. John R. Mott also spent a part of a day at the College and gave two addresses on the work of the World's Student Christian association. At the time of Mr. Mott's visit the association entertained delegates from the other student associations of the State.

Among the most important branches of the association work are the Bible Study and Missionary departments. The former has organized and carried on four classes in the systematic study of the Bible, following the courses of the International committee. There have been in all over forty men enrolled in these classes and over thirty have continued throughout the courses. The Missionary committee is conducting, together with the Missionary committee of the Y. W. C. A., two classes for the study of foreign missions.

The expenses of the association are met by the dues and voluntary subscriptions. The budget this year amounts to \$175, and includes among other things, \$40 for the support of a native hospital assistant in Ceylon, and \$75 for the expenses of the delegates to the summer conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Much of the effectiveness of the association depends on the training that the leaders receive at these summer conferences. By each delegate paying part of his own expenses we were able to have four men at Geneva last summer.

A Y. M. C. A. quartette has been organized in connection with the Outside Work committee which has furnished music for the Sunday meetings and for one of the mission chapels of the city. The Outside Work committee has also provided occasional speakers for the neighboring missions.


If the steady growth of the association continues, as there is every reason to believe it will, there will be need next year of a larger place of meeting as the present room is well filled almost every Sunday. The idea of an association building has been prominently before the leaders of the work and it is to be hoped that before long our association may take its place with those of many of the leading institutions of the country in having a well-equipped building of its own.

All of the departments of the Y. M. C. A. are but means to an end. The association is primarily a Christian association and it is that it may aid the young men in building the Christ-like characters that it exists and asks of the College men their heartiest support.

# Young Women's Christian Association

## Officers

President .....	GRACE LOUISE BRADSHAW.
Acting President .....	ETHEL P. VAN WAGENEN.
Vice-President .....	KATE M. KITELEY.
Corresponding Secretary .....	ETHELWYN FEZER.
Recording Secretary .....	MERLE MCCLINTOCK.
Treasurer .....	OSIE F. SMITH.

HE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION of the College has been very active during the past year. Its power as a union of Christian students for practical Christian living daily, has been widely felt, and its purpose, to teach and preach Jesus Christ to all students, has been emphasized in word and deed.

There have been many and strong helps for the work and influence of the association which have come from various sources. Dr. Bayley has come down from Denver, at the request of both associations, to give a series of talks which were exceedingly helpful to the students. The association was represented, without more than the usual yearly expense, by four delegates at the annual summer conference of Young Women's Christian associations of the Middle West, held at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The helpful results of this larger representation have been evident in the association work throughout the year. Miss Bertha Conde, one of the leaders of the Geneva conference and a member of the American committee, spent two weeks in November, working with this association. The good that resulted from her visit in the life of the association and in the individual lives of a large number of the College girls, cannot be measured. At the State convention—a strong one, made doubly so by Miss Conde's presence, and held this year at Boulder—an annual visit from one of the American secretaries was provided for; and the association gained help and inspiration when it most needed it, in missionary interest, from Mr. Mott and Mr. Leavitt when these Young Men's Christian association leaders visited the College.

Several new features have come into the life of the association during the year—all tending directly or indirectly toward the accomplishment of its aim.

Those who have watched with most interest during the past year the growth of this Christian association, have been impressed with the fact that "He Leadeth" through blessing and trial alike; they have confidence, moreover, that the Young Women's Christian association of Colorado College will so follow His guidance that it will gain more and more each year a fullness of power in practical living service for the Master that it has not known before.



# Student Volunteers



## Officers

Leader ..... RALPH C. WELLS.  
Secretary ..... ALY M. SPENCER.

## Members

Aly M. Spencer, '01.	Albert Hardy, '03,
Ralph Wells, '01,	Eleanor Warner, '04.
Margaret Alley, Spl.,	



**T**HE STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND is a branch of the Missionary department of the Christian associations. The band in Colorado College was organized in February, 1895, and since that time has had twenty-nine members. Most of those who have finished their collegiate course are actively engaged in further preparation in medical schools and theological seminaries. Three of these are expected to sail for the foreign field this fall.

The declaration of each Volunteer is: "It is my purpose, if God permits, to become a foreign missionary," and the watchword of the movement is "The evangelization of the world in this generation."

# Oratorical and Debating Association



## Officers

President ..... JUDSON L. CROSS.  
Vice-President ..... MERLE M. MCCLINTOCK.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... M. F. COOLBAUGH.



## Home Oratorical Contest

**Perkins Auditorium, Monday Evening, January 28, 1901.**



## Program

The Individual in Progress ..... C. W. WADDLE  
The Civic Hero ..... B. L. RICE  
Education and Charity ..... A. D. THOMPSON  
Music—"My Copper Colored Coon" ..... GIRLS' GLEE CLUB  
The Ideal American Statesman ..... F. C. SAGER  
Self Mastery ..... M. S. COLLINS  
Music—"My Dreams" ..... L. S. MOORE

The decision of the judges, Messrs. Prescott Thompson, Mason, and T. P. Day, gave Mr. M. S. Collins first place and Mr. F. C. Sager second. Mr. Collins and Mr. Sager represented Colorado College in the State contest, in which Mr. Collins won second place under circumstances which reflect great credit upon him.

## **Third Inter-State Debate**

**Nebraska University**

**vs.**

**Colorado College**

**Held at Lincoln, Nebraska, April 12, 1900**



Question—"Resolved, That England's Policy Towards the Transvaal is Justifiable."

Affirmative—Colorado College.

W. C. BROWNING,

F. S. CALDWELL,

B. M. RASTALL.

Negative—University of Nebraska.

F. S. HAWKSBY,

W. H. HAWTHORNE,

C. C. CROUCH.

Decision in favor of the negative.



## **Fourth Inter-State Debate**

**Nebraska University**

**vs.**

**Colorado College**

**Held at Colorado Springs, May 3, 1901**



Question—"Resolved, That the United States Should Construct, Own, Operate, and Fortify the Nicaragua Canal."

Affirmative—University of Nebraska.

LEWIS PAULSEN,

MILDRED ANSTINE,

W. L. FINSON.

Negative—Colorado College.

BENJAMIN GRIFFITH,

C. W. WEISER,

BENJAMIN RASTALL.

Decision in favor of the negative.

# Scientific Society

## Officers

President .....	DR. F. H. LOUD.
Vice-President .....	DR. J. C. SHEDD.
Secretary .....	DR. F. CAJORI.
Treasurer .....	MR. S. F. PATTISON.



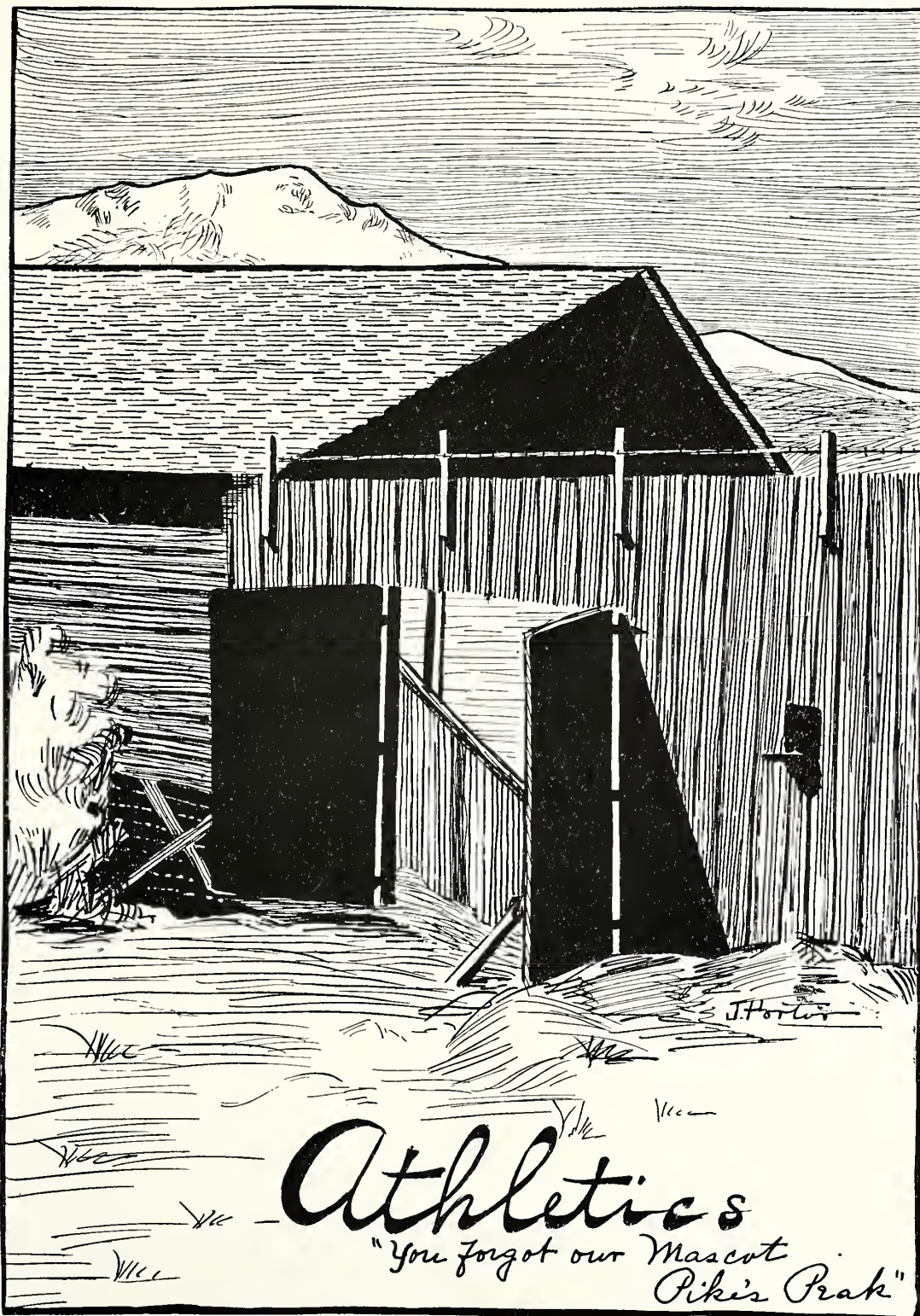
It is the aim of Colorado College to contribute its mite to the progress of science. The College Scientific society, which was organized in 1890, is the receptacle for all the scientific ideas which germinate in the Pike's Peak region. The society issues every year a volume of scientific papers, entitled "Colorado College Studies," and containing the most original of the articles brought before the society. The nine volumes now issued embrace researches on widely different subjects. They range from "Cubic Curves" and the "Circular Locus" to "Literature for Children," from "Equations of Motion of Viscous Liquids" to "A Passage in the Frogs" and "A Passage in Euripides' Iphigenia

Taurica," from the "Protection of Congressional Minorities" to the "Origin and Use of Natural Gas," from the "Pulsations in the Aortic Arches of the Earthworm" to "The Choctaw and Grayson Terranes of the Arizona," from "Witchcraft Among the Hindus" to the "Ethical Problem of the Public School System," from "State Bank Notes" to "Herpetological Notes from Kansas to Texas" and a "Note on the Hadley-Allen Grammar," from "Dialectic Studies in West Virginia" to the "Conditional in German," from the "Calibration of Burettes," to the calibration of the "Inductive Theories of Bacon, Whewell and Mill," from the "Number Concept" to the concept of "Buchiceras (Sphenodiscus) Belviderensis," from "Warming Up" to "Invertebrate Fossils."

No one will deny that these and other papers—forty-five in all—form an imposing array of material. They contain several important contributions to science. Some of the mathematical articles have been referred to by German writers, some of the physical papers have been reviewed in French journals, some of the philological articles have received extended notice in technical journals at home, some of the palæontological articles describe species new to science.

The society exchanges publications with a large number of scientific societies not only in the United States, but in all parts of the world. Some of the exchanges are very valuable and would be exceedingly difficult to obtain in any other way.





Athletics

"You forgot our Mascot  
Pike's Peak"

# Base Ball

Season of 1900



Captain ..... EARL COOLEY.  
Coach ..... JOHN D. CLARK.  
Manager ..... B. MERRILL HOLT.

## The Men Who Won the Pennant

Davis and Cooley ..... First base.	Herr ..... Center field.
Mead ..... Second base.	Holt ..... Right field.
Hoyne ..... Shortstop.	Packard ..... Catcher.
Cox ..... Third base.	Jones and Gearin ..... Pitchers.
Jonson ..... Left field.	

## The Games

C. C. vs. E. D. H. S., 14-4.  
C. C. vs. D. U., 24-2.  
C. C. vs. S. N., 22-2.  
C. C. vs. S. A. C., 34-4.  
C. C. vs. U. of C., 11-2.  
C. C. vs. S. S. M., 4-6.

C. C. vs. S. N., 36-3.  
C. C. vs. D. W. C., 16-10.  
C. C. vs. Pueblo League, 2-8.  
C. C. vs. U. of C., 12-1.  
C. C. vs. S. S. M., 8-3.  
C. C. vs. Pueblo League, 2-23.





Inter-Collegiate Champions of Colorado

## Base Ball Season of 1900



The race for the baseball championship of 1900 differed from that of the preceding season, in that it was practically confined to two teams, the one representing the State School of Mines at Golden and our own team. In the season of 1899 U. of C., S. S. M. and D. U. all made a strong bid for the pennant and it was only by defeating all three in succession that C. C. finally won out. But in 1900 the S. S. M. was the only team which worried the College and which almost succeeded in taking the pennant north. The Miners placed all confidence in Lempke, their great "south-paw" pitcher, whose great speed

and assortment of curves might have obtained for him a place in the Western league had he so desired.

The College men began practicing early in the season under Coach Clark. That they continued faithful through the season is proven by their high fielding and batting average, the four first men batting about 400 per cent. In fact Colorado College has for several years past won her pennants through heavy batting.

The College team lost but one game during the season, that one being the first game with S. S. M. This game was played at Golden and the score was 6 to 4. The loss of this game only inspired the men to harder practice for the final game with the Miners which was to decide the championship. This game was played June 9th, in this city. Lempke again occupied the box for the Miners, while Gearin pitched for the College. It was a game replete with sensational playing, but above all it was a pitcher's battle in which Gearin at all points outpitched and outgeneraled the man who for four years attempted to win the pennant for the Miners. The final score was 8 to 3, and once more our mascot, Pike's Peak, smiled benignantly upon us.

For the winning of the pennant Colorado College must thank her conscientious players and above all the coach, Mr. J. D. Clark. He knew the science of the game from beginning to end better than any other man in this State, and this coupled with his ability to play and his unbounded enthusiasm, could not help but enthuse the men under him. He was above all faithful in his work, appearing on the diamond many an evening when he was so sick that he could hardly stand. Colorado College will not soon forget the service he rendered both in baseball and football.



# Foot Ball



Coach ..... JOSEPH C. EWING.

Captain ..... BENJAMIN GRIFFITH.

## The Champions

Ben Griffith ..... Full back.  
Marshall Jonson .. Right half back.  
A. H. Hoyne ..... Left half back.  
Rufus Mead ..... Left half back.  
S. S. Packard ..... Quarter back.  
Guy C. Wheeler ..... Center

Hildreth Frost ..... Left guard.  
O. F. Lamson ..... Right tackle.  
D. G. Rice ..... Right guard.  
Z. T. Roberts ..... Left tackle.  
John S. Houk ..... Left end.  
L. S. Moore ..... Right end.

## The Games

C. C. 11, Victor o.

\*C. C. 53, Fort Collins o.

\*C. C. 71, State Normal o.

C. C. o, D. W. C. 29.

C. C. 5, Washburn 29.

\*C. C. 21, Boulder o.

\*C. C. 39, Golden o.

\* Championship games.

## Foot Ball Season of 1900



The 1900 football team was more truly representative of Colorado College than any other, for eleven of the twelve men had played here the year before and five of them had been developed on the scrub team the year before. Only seven of the '99 team returned to school last fall and of these Pardee had injured his knee so severely during the summer that his playing was seriously handicapped throughout the season and he was unable to play in the hard games.

There was plenty of raw material, however, and Coach Ewing and Captain Griffith started in to develop a winning team. From the very beginning the men went into the game with the earnestness and enthusiasm which counts for so much in bringing out a championship team.

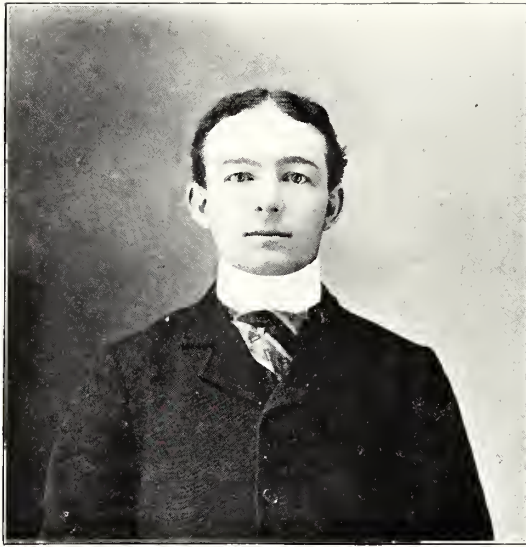
As the season advanced it became evident that the team, although light, would be capable of playing fast, hard ball, and it fully came up to expectations when it defeated the Agricultural College by the score of 53 to 0. Next the State Normal School went down in overwhelming defeat to the tune of 71 to 0. The Tigers then began preparing for the great struggle against their old-time foes, Boulder and Golden. Boulder made a whirlwind start but failed to reach the goal line, while the Tigers rushed them across the field almost at will. When the game was over the once proud lords of the gridiron were beaten by the score of 21 to 0.

On Thanksgiving day came the final struggle. The Tigers and the Miners met, each with a clean record of victories, and each determined to win the championship. The Tigers started in with a rush and soon left the Miners so far behind that there was no hope of their ever catching up. When the game was over the score was 39 to 0 and we had undisputed right to the title of intercollegiate champions of Colorado.



Inter-Collegiate Champions





J. C. EWING, Coach.

The two chief characteristics of the 1900 Tigers were their excellence in the kicking game and their stubborn defense. The former enabled them to run up a total of 184 points against their college opponents while the latter enabled them to keep all other colleges from scoring. The general offensive work was good but the kicking yielded so much larger gains that line-bucking and end runs were lost sight of.

Ben Griffith, '01, proved an able and successful captain of the 1900 team. He played at full-back, a position new to him, but he was one of the reliable men of the team. His line-bucking was fierce and his defensive work

good. He comes from Rockvale, Colo., and weighs 165 pounds.

Marshall Jonson, '03, has been selected to captain next year's team. He is a Colorado Springs boy and has played two years at right half back on the College team. In spite of his light weight he is a hard line buckler and a good dodger. His great feature, however, is goal kicking. There are few teams we have played against which do not have good cause to fear Jonson's kicking. Against Golden he kicked a field goal from the 45-yard line. His weight is 145 pounds.

Hildreth Frost, '01, is also from Colorado Springs. He played center for two years but last year was moved to left guard, where he made a good record. He plays a hard, steady game and can always be relied on to play his position. He weighs 165 pounds.

A. H. Hoyne, '01, comes from South Dakota, where he played on the Yankton College team. In '99 he was a substitute for the Tigers and this year has played left half back. He is the quickest man on the team and has never been caught when he had an open field before him. His weight is 127 pounds.

S. S. Packard, '02, came here from Pueblo. In '98 and '99 he played full back on the College team but this year was moved to quarter back. His work there has been of first-class order but his reputation depends chiefly upon his punting. He has out-punted every man he has ever kicked against and is acknowledged everywhere to be the best in the State. His weight is 165 pounds.

Rufus Mead, '02, comes to us from Highland Lake, Colo. He was a



substitute on last year's team and this year played left half back. He is a hard, conscientious player and can be relied upon to make gains when needed. His weight is 151 pounds.

J. S. E. Houk, '03, has played for two years at left end. He is a fierce, gritty player and goes into the game with all his might. His weight is 145 pounds.

Right end was played this year by L. S. Moore, '03 Special. Last year he was a substitute but has developed into one of the best tacklers on the team. His weight is 145 pounds.

Guy G. Wheeler, '04 Special, comes from Iowa, and this year played center for the Tigers. He is a good kicker and fast and active player in spite of his 206 pounds of weight.

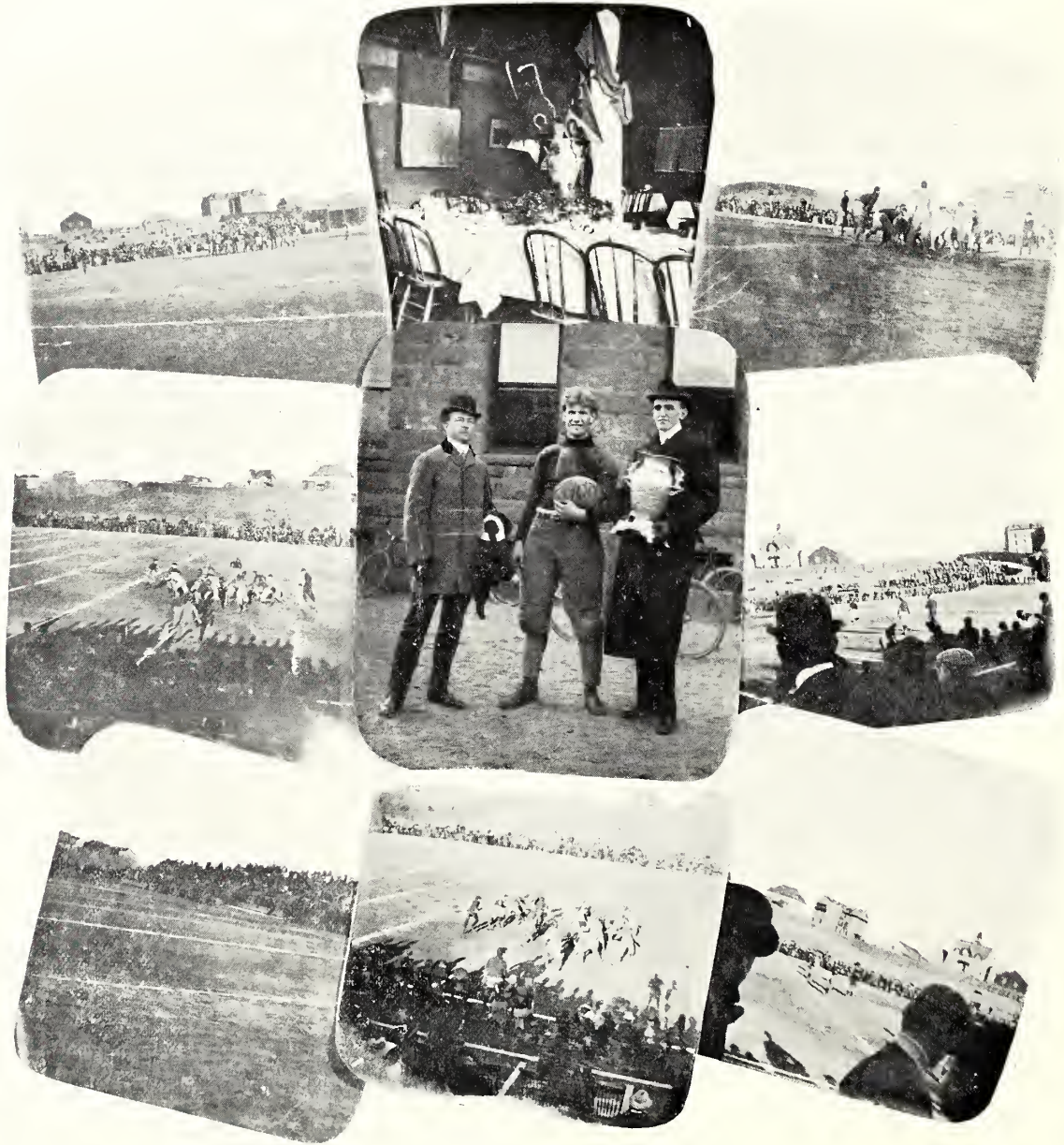
D. G. Rice, '04, is another man who has worked up from the scrubs. He began this year at end but later was moved to guard, where he made an enviable reputation. He is a fast runner and fierce tackler. His weight is 170 pounds.

O. F. Lamson, C. A., has played guard for two years but was moved to tackle this year. He is a steady, reliable player and has gained an enviable reputation as a line man. His weight is 180 pounds.

Z. T. Roberts, C. A., has played this year at left tackle, having developed from a scrub player last year. His work has been steady and conscientious throughout. He weighs 171 pounds.

These twelve men are the ones who upheld the honor of the "Black and Gold" in the championship games. Lack of space forbids mentioning the substitutes and scrubs who worked faithfully all season and who were essential to the success of the team. A championship team was developed this year by the united, conscientious work of Coach Ewing and the team every evening during the entire season. Such work has always brought success in the past and will always bring success in the future.





**Foot Ball Scenes**

# Young Women's Athletic Association



## Officers

President .....	FLORENCE EMILY ISHAM.
Vice-President .....	MARJORY GREGG.
Secretary .....	FANNY BORST.
Treasurer .....	MARY PORTER.



**T**HERE HAS for many years been a long-felt want among the young women of the College and Academy for some sort of an organization which should have entire control over the athletics in which the young women participate. Until this year this matter has been left to the gymnasium instructor and whoever else on the Faculty might happen to think it came under his or her supervision. The result was that affairs were very much in the hands of whoever of the young women had sufficient push to take matters upon themselves.

At the beginning of this year the rapid growth and popularity of basket-ball and the number of challenges received from other institutions made an organization a necessity, and so the Young Women's Athletic association of Colorado College was formed. The first undertaking of the association was to see what could be done toward obtaining an out-door athletic field for the use of the young women, to be used in the fall and, when the weather permitted, in the winter for a basket-ball field, and in the spring for the field day which the young ladies have been so anxious to establish as an annual event for a number of years. This they have been unable to do because there was no suitable place in which to hold it. By the aid of its friends the association has been able to raise all the necessary funds and the field is now doing good service for basket-ball practice. The association is still waiting for some kind friend to add a sufficient sum to the amount already obtained to build a fence and a small skeleton grand-stand.

The association at present numbers about eighty members. Its affairs are carried on by four committees: field, basket-ball, track, and membership.





# GOLF CLUB.

## Officers

President ..... GORDON BERRY.  
 Vice-President ..... GRACE DUDLEY.  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... PANSY RAYNOLDS.

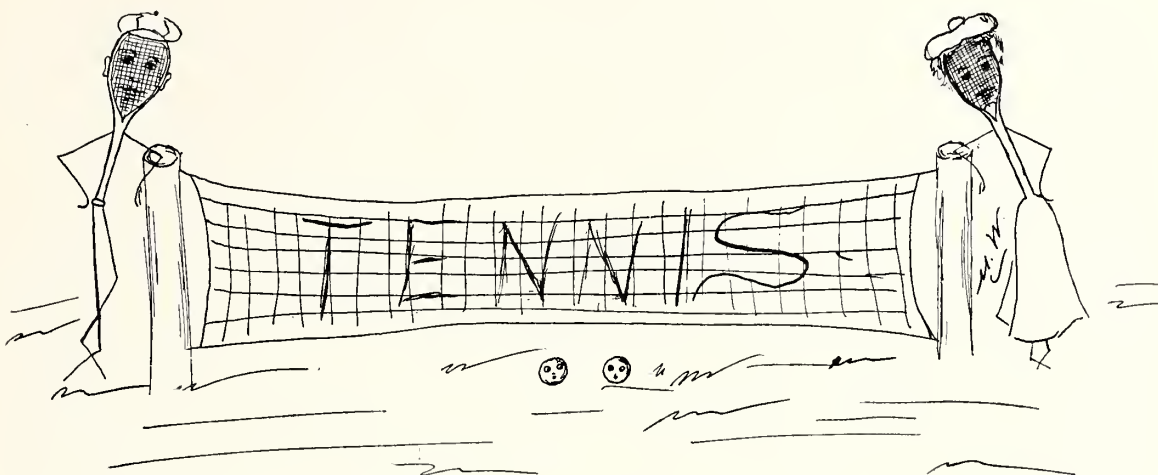


The interest shown in golf this year has been far ahead of that of last year, and under the management of Mr. Berry the Golf club has become an important factor in our College life. The club numbers about twenty-five members, many of whom are most enthusiastic golfers and masters in the use of golf slang.

The links, which lie about three-quarters of a mile north of the Campus, were laid out by a professional and make the best and most interesting short course in the city. While they were being put in trim, daily practice was indulged in by a number of the faithful, on the improvised Campus course.

As a moderate exercise and at the same time a most entertaining and healthful recreation, golf has no equal and it certainly is worthy of the popularity it bids fair to possess among the College students.





## Officers

President ..... DUDLEY WHITE.  
 Vice-President ..... FRANK H. GLEASON.  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... FRED DAVIS.



## Spring Tournament of 1900

### Championship Rounds

#### SINGLES.

Brooks defeated Blackstone, 9-7, 7-5.

#### DOUBLES.

Blackstone and Browning defeated Reed and Moores, 2-6, 6-2, 7-5.

## Inter-Collegiate Tournament

### S. S. M. vs. C. C.

C. C. Representatives.  
 Brooks and Blackstone.

S. S. M. Representatives.  
 Street and Misner.

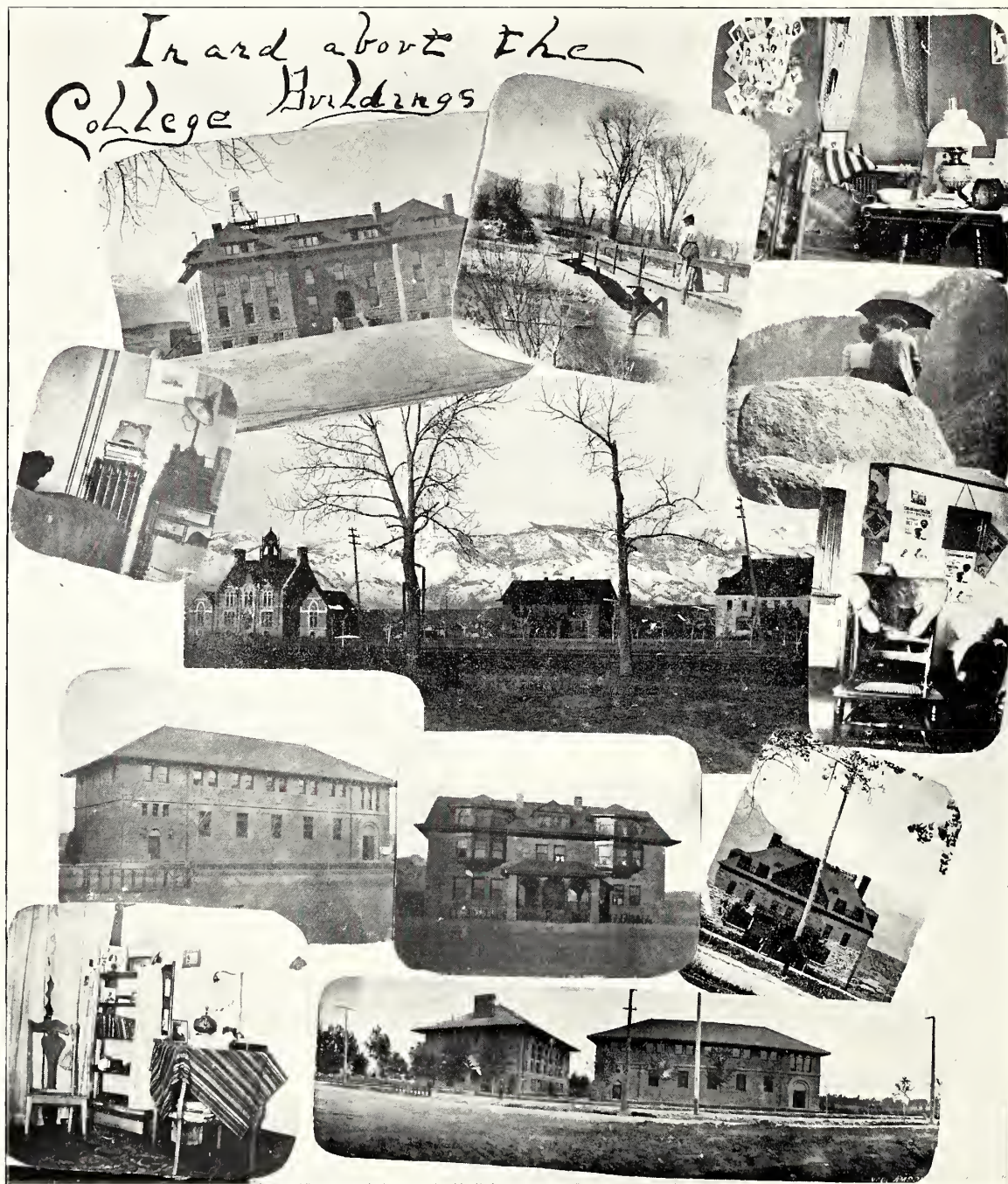
#### SINGLES.

Brooks defeated Street, 3-6, 6-3, 8-6.

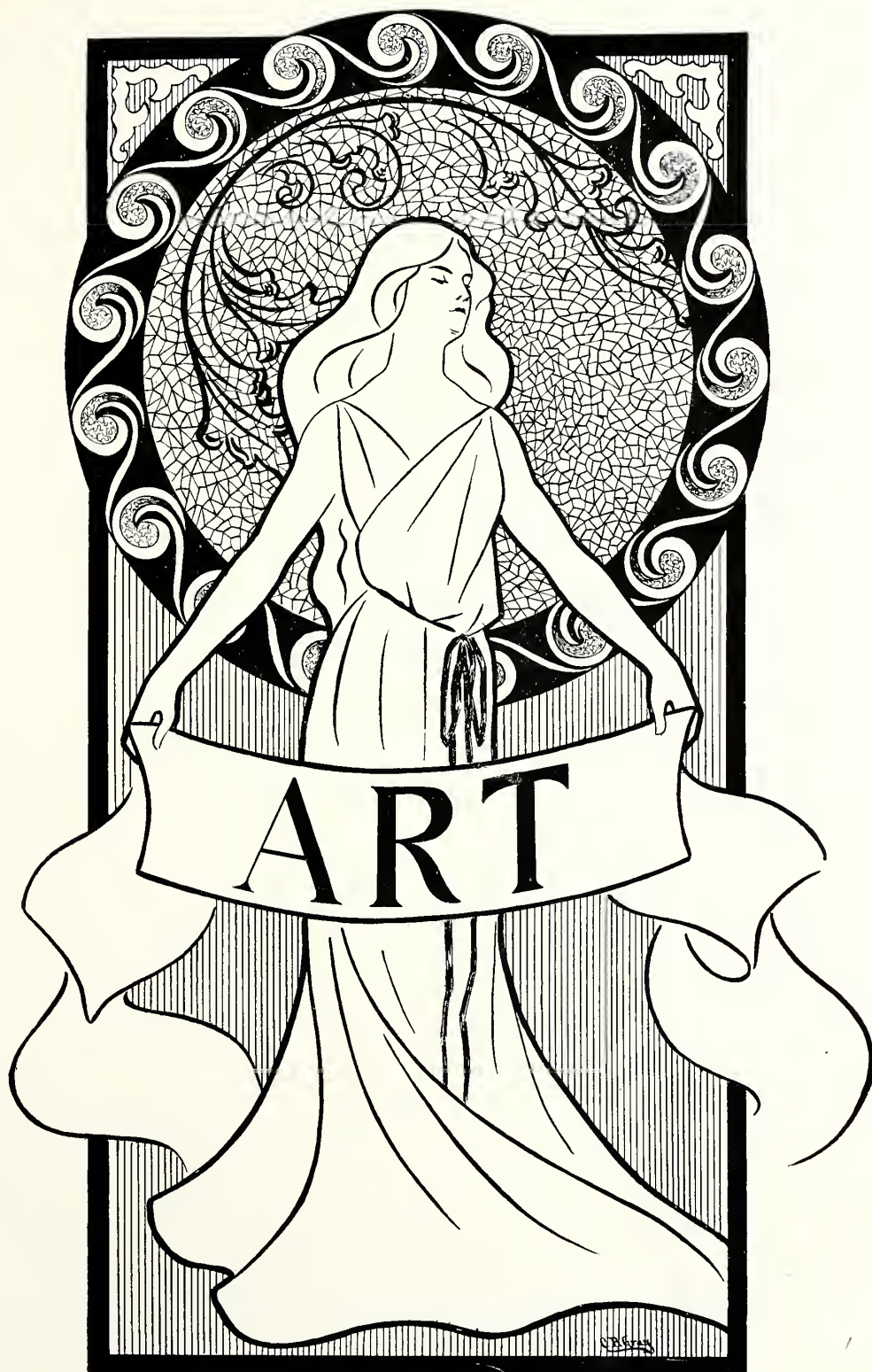
#### DOUBLES.

Street and Misner defeated Brooks and Blackstone, 6-3, 6-1.

In and about the  
College Buildings







# Art Department



**A**TTIRED IN long painting blouses and laden with papers, charcoal, paints, pastels, etc., the students of the Art Department may be seen any morning at 9:30 busily preparing for the day's work.

The association together of those who have a common purpose, or at least similar tastes, is helpful in the extreme. One must rest sometimes and what a helpful rest it is when one can freely examine one's neighbor's work and profit by his methods or his mistakes.

A subject is given each week which is to be illustrated by an original composition—executed in any medium desired, pastel being generally used. This is a very important part of the work in that it develops the creative ability and encourages originality and individuality. Some of the subjects have been: "Sunset," "In the Firelight," "Solitude" and "Life." The aim in these compositions is not so much a pretty picture as a forceful and proper interpretation of the subject.

Tradition insists that the ordinary nourishment of the artist is cheese and a crust of bread. But that day has gone by. The modern artist believes in good living, and his work proves he is right. So no one should feel surprised if we have a "spread" once in a while. The last one came about in this way: An exhibition of students' work was being held. The judges were soon to announce their decisions. Interest was at its height, when this notice made its appearance:

*Those receiving Honorable Mention must Treat.  
By Order of Those Who Do Not.*

The order was obeyed and dealers in fruit and pastry did a big business.

Occasional "Studio talks" on such subjects as "Rico," "Israels," "The Roycrofters," and "Holbein," have been instructive and have helped to emphasize points of interest in the regular work and have also stimulated high ideals.

Another source of instruction and pleasure is the circulation of Art magazines and portfolios, most of which are owned by the School. And now we have a Commercial Art department. But what is "commercial art"? Simply how to make your artistic ability *pay*. It is art with a cash basis.

It is quite natural that no harder workers can be found than those who are looking longingly to the time when they shall be successful newspaper artists, or illustrators of books and magazines or designers of one sort or another.

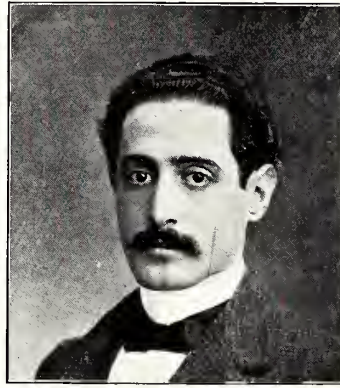
In spite of the steadily increasing classes, the work has continued along the broadest lines, the individuality of each pupil being studied and encouraged and the best in each developed.





At Work in the Studios

# Conservatory of Music



RUBIN GOLDMARK, Director.

**N**O OTHER department of the College has made more rapid development during the past year than the Conservatory. This has been due in large part to the splendid facilities which the completion of Perkins Fine Arts Hall afforded. With the moving of the Conservatory from the little one-room cottage behind Montgomery Hall to its new quarters, well supplied with music rooms, pianos, pipe organ and all other necessary equipment, a new life has been instilled and an almost phenomenal growth made. This growth, however, has not been due entirely to the new building, for the Conservatory Faculty has been strengthened by the coming of Mr. George H. Crampton to take charge of the work in voice culture, and of Miss Herman as instructor in violin.

The Conservatory is coming to form an important part of the musical life of the College and the city. Many concerts and recitals have been given, among them Mr. Goldmark's Wagner lecture recitals upon the following: "Tristan and Isolde," "Parsifal," "Rheingold," "The Valkyrie," "Siegfried," "Goetterdämmerung," "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Organ recitals have also been given by Mr. Bowers, and a song recital by Mr. Crampton.

In every respect the work of the Conservatory is first class and is of untold benefit to the College and the city. Few conservatories, especially in our Western States, are so fortunate as to have such a director as is Mr. Rubin Goldmark. His genius as a musician is recognized by all who have heard and seen him in his recitals. To him is due much credit for the present high standard which the Conservatory maintains.


The coming years will see great changes in Colorado College; a large increase in students, in members of the Faculty, in endowment, and in erection of buildings is certain. But equally certain is the growth and development of the Conservatory to that position of efficiency which will make it the best in all the great West.





# Cutler Academy



HE HISTORY of Cutler Academy is very closely connected with that of Colorado College, and its origin dates back to the time of the founding of the College. At that time it did not bear its present name, but was known merely as the Preparatory School of Colorado College.

The founding of the College and Preparatory School was the result of a conference of the Congregational Church held in Denver on the 20th of January, 1874. The following autumn work was started in the new institution.

It is needless to say that more enthusiasm existed at this time than funds for carrying on the great enterprise which had been started. However, it seems that some of that "Tiger Spirit" which has been noticeable of late years in the institution was not absent at this time, but helped to develop that "Never give up Spirit" which has been of invaluable service in days of darkness.

Rev. James A. Dougherty was the first president; he served only a short time, being replaced by Rev. T. E. Tenny.

The attendance at the very outset was rather encouraging, there being about seventy-five enrolled the first year. The enrollment for the three or four years after its organization seems to have lessened rather than to have increased. There were times during this period when there were not more than five or six students in the College proper, all of whom were in the Sophomore and Freshmen classes. The Preparatory School seems to have held its own fairly well at this time. Things took on a brighter aspect for a time following these few years of depression. The institution began to attract attention throughout the State, and also to some extent in the East, especially to those who on account of their ill health were unable to pursue their studies in the East, it offered an opportunity to carry on their education in a more healthful clime.

In the year 1885 Dr. Tenny left, and it looked for a time as though the institution would not continue, as at this time it was very heavily in debt. A few years after this Dr. William F. Slocum assumed the duties of president of the College and Preparatory Department, and his coming meant a great deal not only to the College but to the Preparatory School as well.

It was at this time that the courses of study in the Academy were revised, and so arranged that it was possible for one to fit himself for entering any college in the country. This, too, was the time when the name "Cutler" was given to it, in honor of Henry Cutler, one of the College's earliest and most liberal benefactors.



The advancement of the Academy from this time on has been very marked, and now it ranks as one of the best preparatory schools in the West. That it deserves this rank is shown by the character of its graduates, as reflected in the life of the College.

The man who has so well captained the first two winning football teams the College has had in a number of years is a graduate of the Academy; and the person who has all but won first place in the College Oratorical contest for the last two years is also a graduate of the Academy. To represent still another side of College life in which Academy graduates take a leading part, it is an Academy graduate who is president of the College Glee club.

The life in the Academy is not so distinct and individual as it would be if it were in more ways separated from the College. However, it has its individual life in many ways.

Perhaps no side of the Academy life is doing more toward developing the Academy and bringing it before the public than the work done in the literary societies. The work is entirely voluntary on the part of the students, and is kept up by them because they realize the good that is to be derived from active work in them. It is the aim of the Hesperian, the young men's society, to hold at least one debate a year with an outside school. The Philo, the girls' society, has not been organized so long as the Hesperians, though the work done in it is in every way a credit to it.

Loyalty exists in the Academy to a very marked degree, though it does not have much of an opportunity to show itself. Yet that it is in existence in some form is shown by the manner in which the members of the various classes came out to practice for the class football games one year, there being about fifty on the field at one time. Also by the liberal way in which the Academy students have supported the College, especially in athletics. These facts go to show that when the time comes, when the Academy shall exist as a more separate body, that it will not lack loyalty, that quality which adds so much toward making an institution.

Athletics are still in their infancy in the Academy, owing to the fact that the College has taken some of its athletes to help make out its teams. For this reason no Academy football team has ever been organized. We have every reason to believe that had the Academy had all of its men to choose from, it could have at least made the high schools of the State realize that we had a team. In baseball there has been something more done than in football. For the past two years there has been a team put out that gave a good account of itself.

What we hope for in the near future is a more distinct separation from the College, in order to insure the existence of Cutler Academy as a separate institution. This we believe would be not only a good thing for the Academy, but for the College.

# Fourth Academy

## Officers

President ..... O. F. LAMSON.  
Vice-President ..... FRANCES M. BROWN.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... JOSEPH P. KEARNS.

## Yell

Hici Hici! Hici Hici! Hici Hici Hum!  
Cutler! Cutler!  
Nineteen One!

## Colors

Maroon and White.



AS WE ARE making the final preparations for crossing that gulf between the "College Kindergarten" and that state known as "verdant Freshmandom," judging from our past you will agree that we shall not be as other Freshmen are. We wish not to forget the four years of sorrows, disappointments, and pleasures, spent together. However, we shall not allow the looking backward to interfere with the looking forward to the places that we shall take in the ranks of the College proper.

Briefly we shall try to recite the benefits we have been to dear old C. C. We gave a member to the Boys' Athletic board and in consequence note their victories. Had it not been for our representative on the football team the D. W. C. cup would doubtless be reposing now at Boulder or Golden instead of in Colburn Library. We also came to the rescue of the baseball team and won the championship in that. The girls, too, have been a great help to the athletics. The vice-president of the Young Woman's Athletic board is a member of this worthy class, while we also are the only ones who have produced two girls' basket-ball teams.

In selecting the members for the Glee club it was found that even this would be incomplete without some of our members.

With the entering of the Class of 1901 into the College we can safely predict overwhelming success in interstate debates and oratorical contests in years to come. We make this prediction with the knowledge of our past victories.

It is conceded by all that this class is the brightest and most progressive of any class in the Academy. We are the largest class, both in stature and number, entering the Freshman year. It is noticeable, too, that the class spirit is proportionately large.

Such talents and accomplishments should warrant for us great respect as Freshmen.

# Third Academy



## Officers

President . . . . . ARTHUR E. SOBEL.  
Vice-President . . . . . ELIZABETH J. LOCKHART.  
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . . LEO W. BORTREE.

## Colors

Yale Blue and White.

## Yell

Clickety! Clack! Hurrah! Hurroo!  
Hulla! Baloo! Baloo! Baloo!  
Say!! You!!  
We're the class of 1902!!



## History

**D**URING ITS first year the Class of 1902 was rather quiet than otherwise. It contented itself with hard study and modest demeanor, and tried in every way to be a credit to the institution of which it had so lately become a member. Toward the last of the year, however, we began to shine on the baseball field; a majority of the Academy team were our representatives. We also distinguished ourselves as scholars. At Commencement time we were awarded more honors than any other Academy class.

When we began our second year, therefore, we were looked upon with respect and interest. We started out to show all beholders how social life in the Academy should be carried on. We were succeeding admirably, when suddenly, in the midst of the festivities, a challenge appeared from a certain class of 1903, inviting us to do battle with them on the gridiron. We accepted, not so much to win the glory of beating them, for our team was about ten pounds

heavier per man, as to put the upstarts in their place. We practiced diligently until the day before the game; but—

“The snow began in the gloaming  
And busily, all the night,  
Was heaping ‘Washburn gridiron’  
With a silence deep and white.”

And the First class were so overjoyed at their escape from annihilation that they held a thanksgiving service in Ticknor Study room the following Saturday. During our second year we were very prominent, also, in the literary societies as well as in athletics, and we still continued to keep up our scholarship. In June it was announced that four of the Academy students who took honors were members of the Class of 1902.

During this, our third year, we have surpassed ourselves, and our good qualities have almost reached perfection. We are full of school and class spirit; yet we are withal dignified, and our serious bearing acts as a judicious restraint upon that unseemly levity of the lower classes which so often shows a disposition to assert itself. We have added to our distinction in literary circles. In both the Hesperian and Philo societies, members of our class are leading spirits. In a debate of the Hesperians last winter, where the speakers on the two sides were members of the Third and Fourth classes, respectively, the representatives of the Third class came off victors. Our early reputation as athletes has steadily increased. In everything, from fencing to football, we are in the front rank.

From the beginning of our history to the present day we have been an important factor in the life of the Academy. We have set high ideals and have always tried to attain them.





# Second Academy



## Officers

President .....	C. T. EMRICH.
Vice-President .....	ORLIN WILLIAMS.
Secretary-Treasurer .....	GRACE RAMSAY.

## Colors

Green and Yellow.



## History

**I**T IS UNFORTUNATE but none the less true that every class in school thinks itself superior to any and all other classes. We said *every class*, but we should have made one exception—ourselves. Whatever erroneous notions other classes may have got in their heads, we have tried to bear in mind that we are not the only ones, and any increase in our hat measurements has been normal and due to natural and reasonable causes.

So in writing our brief history we shall not indulge in any unwarranted boasting although we are a great class, being in fact the largest in numbers that has ever entered the Academy.

When we first appeared on the scenes we were all very much scared and were so well versed in Latin that we could decline with practical illustrations the verb “flunko” in all voices, moods and tenses. If you doubt the truth of this assertion ask Prof. Gile. However, we have now left all such things to the First class.

Last year we had a football team which, in spite of scarcity of material to draw from, was only beaten once. Our first class party was held at the home of Professor Coy, since which we have had many similar enjoyable celebrations.

As has been said before, we do not pretend to stand for all that is high and noble in the College and Academy, as some of the other classes profess to do, but we are a pretty fine class. It is hard, indeed, to cover the two long years which have passed in such small space, but further particulars may be found in the back numbers of the *Tiger*.

We will now cut short this pocket history and we will surely meet you in next year’s ANNUAL as the Third class.

# First Academy

## Officers

President ..... ISABEL MORRISON.  
Vice-President ..... RAYMOND DIMMICK.  
Secretary-Treasurer ..... ETHEL RICE.

## Colors

Lavender and Gold.



HIS CLASS is only just beginning to make its history. We have no annals of previous years to which to refer, and so can make no proud mention of past achievements. We look forward, not backward; and, being hopeful by nature, we expect to gradually make a name for ourselves, although we have not yet had time to win much distinction. Meanwhile we are content with more or less obscurity and do not try to thrust ourselves into notice. We feel, however, that we have great possibilities, for we number among us many of the brightest pupils from the public schools of Colorado; and, on the whole, we are not so completely unfledged as might be supposed.

Although it was hard to settle down to the routine of our new existence, we very quickly adapted ourselves to circumstances, learned to enjoy our pleasures and to endure our sorrows. In the need of fellowship and of sympathy, we soon decided that we ought to know each other better; and now, as a result of our social efforts, everybody knows everybody else.

One of the surest tests as to whether or not a class is going to make rapid progress, and eventually arrive at success is the way in which it begins work. This class very wisely began with a wholesome enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which promises to last and to achieve great things. Even now we are well represented in the literary societies of the Academy, and we have already become familiar with several facts; we have found out that we have lots of fun, which is most proper, and our due proportion of flunks, which is most natural. In our complacent view of the College and Academy, we have decided to take two things seriously: first, the vagaries of some very irregular Latin verbs; and, second, the dignity and omniscience of the College Seniors.

This is the foot of a big ladder; but, being ambitious, we hope to reach the top. Some day we are going to have a history, with tales of heroes and heroic deeds; it shall tell of laurels and all that sort of thing. Now we can only look forward to our future; but then we shall look back over our past, from some place of lofty distinction, perchance from the dizzy heights of College Seniorhood.

# Hesperian Literary Society



## Officers

President .....	JOSEPH P. KEARNS.
Vice-President .....	ZENAS T. ROBERTS.
Secretary-Treasurer .....	ROBERT COLTMAN.
Censor .....	F. N. CHALOUPKA.
Sergeant-at-Arms .....	WILLET R. WILLIS.

## Members

Harvey Boatright,	W. G. Tincombe Fernandez,	Samuel B. Ross,
Leo W. Bortree,	Charles Hall,	Ernest V. Salizar,
Alfred Camp,	Joseph P. Kearns,	William Sinton,
F. N. Chaloupka,	Otis F. Lamson,	Arthur E. Sobel,
Robert Coltmán,	Walter A. Lindsay,	Fred Willet,
A. G. Fisk,	Irving McBride,	Orlin Williams,
J. H. Fisk,	Carrol Miller,	Walter L. Wilson,
Richard Gregg,	Clifford Phillips,	Willet R. Willis.
G. T. Guernsey, Jr.,	Zenas T. Roberts,	



**I**T IS A well known fact that when an organism ceases to grow, it begins to decay. There is no passive state but there must be action of one kind or another. This applies just as well to an organization. Fresh fuel must be added, or the heat will decrease. The only way we have of judging of the condition of a literary society is by the work produced. It is quality not quantity that counts in the work of a literary society.

The quality of the work of the Hesperian society has been gradually improving from its organization in January, 1897, to the present day. We have risen inch by inch, step by step, until our standard of work is as high as that of any other preparatory school literary society in the State.

Last year we set out with the determination to make our year's work the best in our history. We were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Pattison as our critic, and it is largely due to his efforts that our present standing has been obtained. Soon after the society had settled into good working order, we set about to secure debates with outside schools. Debates were ar-





Hesperian Literary Society



ranged with the Colorado Springs High School and the Central High School of Pueblo. Teams were chosen, and, with hard work, brought victory to the society in both cases. These debates plainly showed how careful the work of all the members had been.

To celebrate its year's work the society held a "trolley party" and afterwards a party on President Slocum's lawn, early in June. This meeting finished the best year's work in the history of the society.

The present year began with high hopes because of last year's work. We resolved to make our work eclipse that of all former years in our history, and all the members, old and new, settled down to hard work.

Soon after the opening of the first semester the society began to correspond with institutions of our standing in the State, in regard to an inter-scholastic debate. The majority expressed their inability to join us, as their work was not up to our standard. Finally we obtained a debate with the Denver University Preparatory School. And again victory was achieved by our team.

In every way this year's work is the best ever done in the society. Our members stand at the head of Academy life in every respect. Hesperians are supreme in the class room, on the athletic field, in society, every place where students congregate. Our idea is to train ourselves, not only in debating, but in everything which will help us and aid us in overcoming the difficulties of life. Upon this our thoughts centre, and towards this we ever strive.



## **Inter-Scholastic Debate**

**Hesperian Society**

**vs.**

**Denver University Preps.**

**Held in Denver, Colorado, April 13th, 1901.**



Question—"Resolved, That the United States Should Grant Independence to the Inhabitants of the Philippines."

Affirmative—Hesperian Society.

GEORGE T. GUERNSEY,  
ARTHUR SOBEL.

Negative—D. U. Preps.

F. C. SZISKOSKY,  
B. H. MARTIN.

Decision in favor of the affirmative.

# Philo

## Officers

President .....	JULIA E. STEVENS.
Vice-President .....	ELIZABETH J. LOCKHART.
Secretary .....	GRACE RAMSAY.
Treasurer .....	SARA WALLACE.
Factotum .....	GWLADYS HARRINTON.

## Members

Florence Holt,	Josephine Minor,	Lela McCammon,
Mabel Brown,	Louise Baughman,	Elizabeth Lockhart,
Belle Sinton,	Louise Mitchell,	Florence Root,
Margaret Sinton,	Fern Mitchell,	Gwladys Harrington,
Ethel Rice,	Mary Spence,	Helen Freeman,
Julia Stevens,	Inez Ridgway,	Ada Taylor,
Grace Ramsay,	Harriett Sater,	Mary Cox,
Ruth Perkins,	Sara Wallace,	Ethel Love,
Annie Clough,	Frances Wheeler,	Lena Towne,
Josephine Guretzky,	Ethel Newsome,	Frances Brown.
	Grace Lawson,	

## History



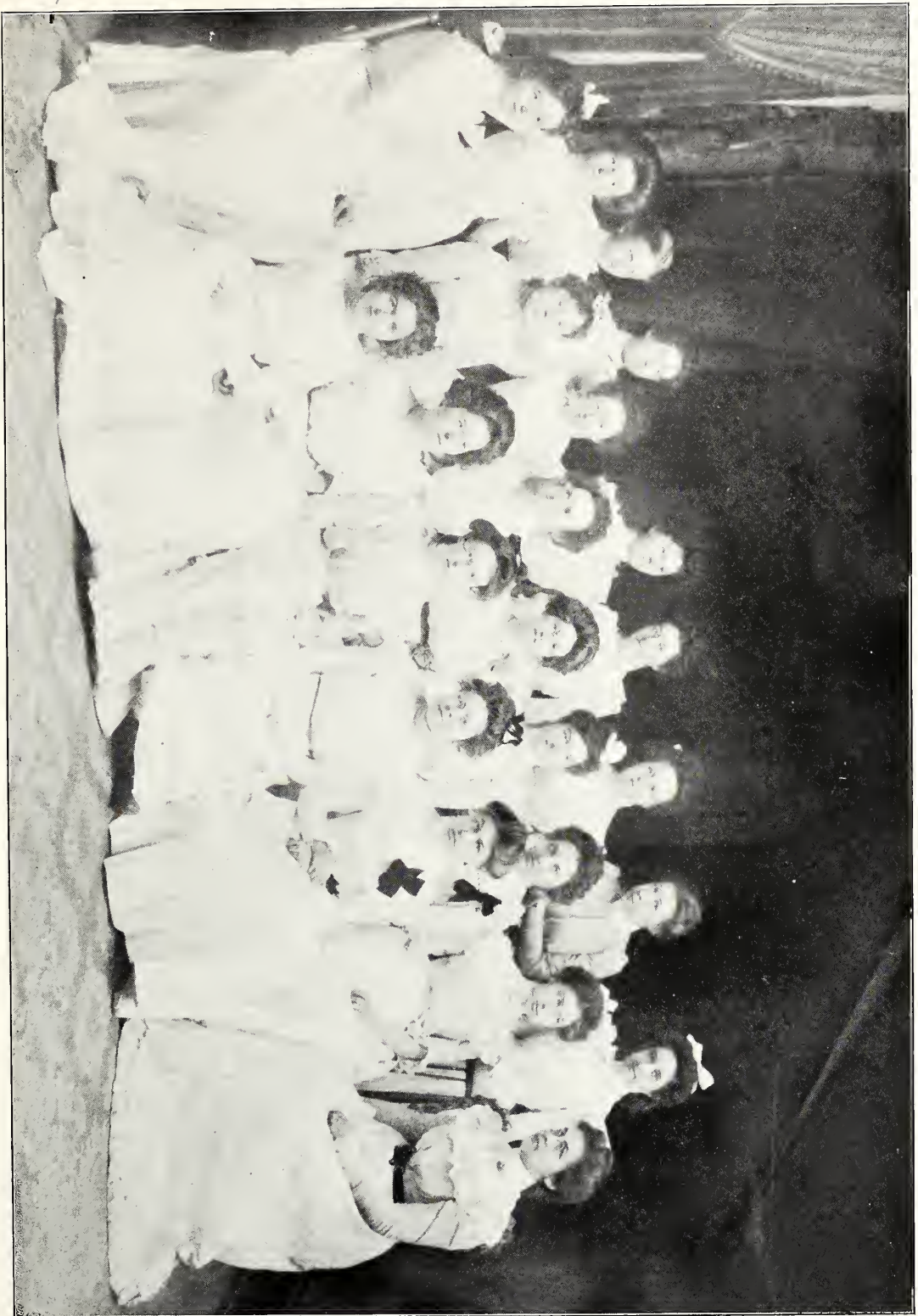
THE PHILO is a literary society of the Academy girls and numbers thirty-eight members. It was organized in the fall of 1899, its object being to furnish the same literary training to the young women of the Academy that the College girls' societies offer their sisters.

The aim of the society is best stated in the preamble of the constitution, which reads: "We, the undersigned young women of Cutler Academy, aiming to secure a knowledge of literature, music and art, and to secure proficiency in general discourse, do hereby ordain and establish this constitution."

The programs, which are held every Friday afternoon, consist of musical selections, biographies, stories, papers on various subjects, and debates. They are so arranged that each member is a participant at least once in four weeks.

While intellectual development is the chief aim of the society, the social side of its life has not been lost sight of. From time to time afternoon teas are given, also special programs at which refreshments form an attractive feature. To them, friends are invited, and all are made to feel that the acquirement of knowledge, or rather the aspiration for it, is not exclusive of, but an incentive to, social life.

Although our society is still young, yet it is with most profound satisfaction we gaze in retrospect over the work of two years. And it is with brightest hopes we look forward to coming years of even greater effort, ever learning, yet always realizing there is *plus ultra*.



Philo Society

# Distinguished Guests of the College

1900-1901



Pres. and Mrs. Hadley . . . . . *Yale University.*  
Pres. and Mrs. Eaton . . . . . *Beloit College.*  
Pres. and Mrs. Gates . . . . . *Iowa College.*  
Pres. and Mrs. Tucker . . . . . *Dartmouth.*  
Pres. Patton . . . . . *Princeton.*  
Pres. Faunce . . . . . *Brown.*  
Pres. Wheeler . . . . . *University of California.*  
Pres. Thwing . . . . . *Adelbert College.*  
Pres. Booker T. Washington . . . *Tuskogee.*  
Gen. and Mrs. Irving Hale . . . . *Denver, Colo.*  
Hon. John D. Long . . . . . *Washington, D. C.*  
Senator Allison . . . . . *Iowa.*  
Prof. Albion W. Small . . . . . *Chicago University.*  
Dr. D. K. Pearsons . . . . . *Chicago, Ills.*





## An Invocation



O Muse of College song and jest,  
 Descend, I pray, and me inspire;  
 And place in my aspiring heart  
 Some of your own celestial fire.

I would not win my way to fame  
 With any bold atrocious pun,  
 Nor yet with hoary-headed joke,  
 Time worn to all; devoid of fun.

But in some way—I know not how—  
 Fleet Pegasus to a star I'd yoke,  
 And rising thus to heights unknown,  
 I'd make a brand-new College joke.

# The Fudge Fiend

Or

**The Cankre at the Core of the Higher Ideals**



*(Founded Upon Incidents of Real Life.)*

## **Dramatis Personae**

DR. SLOCUM—President of Colorado College.  
DR. AMES—Wealthy and honored guest of the College.  
BEN GRIFFITH—A Student.  
A POLICEMAN.  
MRS. SLOCUM—Wife of Dr. Slocum.

## **Members of Junior Class**

MR. WEISER,	MISS BRUSH,
MR. BERRY,	MISS FEZER,
MR. MEAD,	MISS GRABER,
MR. HOLT,	MISS ALBERT,
	KATIE.



## **Act I**

*Scene I.*—The dining room of Dr. Slocum's home. The President, Mrs. Slocum and Dr. Ames at dinner.

Dr. Ames—"Dr. Slocum, what is the attitude of the students of your College toward the ethical questions of the day? I have been making a study of these problems and think that in most cases students do not appreciate their significance in the every-day affairs of life."

Dr. Slocum—"We have always tried to emphasize the moral standpoint of every question and think we have been successful in some degree in raising the ideals of our students. Especially in certain students we have noticed a marked advance along these lines."

Mrs. Slocum—"There is Griffith, for instance, Mr. Slocum."

Dr. Slocum—"Ah! Yes, yes; as fine a fellow as we have ever had here. His influence on everyone with whom he comes in contact is of the best. He represents the very best of our College as a student, as an athlete, and best of all in his splendid manly integrity. He scorns all that—that—that is mean or small! We feel that we could depend on him in any emergency."

Dr. Ames—"That's the kind of fellows we need in this world. Would it be possible for me to meet him?"

Mrs. Slocum—"Mr. Slocum, why not have him dine here to-morrow?"

Dr. Slocum—"Why certainly, certainly. Yes indeed."

*Scene II.*—Time: the same evening. Ticknor Study room. Two tables pushed together, holding chafing dishes, fudge materials, etc. Piano and chairs. Chaperone sitting conspicuously in the corner. Junior class grouped around piano, discussing the question of a Junior Promenade.

Mr. Berry (seated on piano stool)—"Well if there aren't people here willing to work to carry this thing through we had better drop it altogether."

Mr. Weiser (with facetious intent)—"You might break it."

Mr. Holt (with ditto intent)—"If we don't break it, it will break us."

(Surprised and delighted laughter from admiring girls.)

Miss Graber (severely)—"Let's tend to business. I, for my part, think we can do it."

Mr. Mead (with more force than delicacy)—"You people are all crazy. If you had to collect the money you wouldn't be so anxious to give things. Hi, there, Katie! How's that fudge coming on?"

(Chaperone looks pained.)

Katie—"It's done now. I'm putting it out to cool." (All the boys wish to assist.)

Miss Brush (continuing conversation)—"Well, the other classes all encourage it. I was talking to Mr. Griffith about it and he was sure we could succeed. He offered to help us in every way possible, and he is so dependable. I am sure he knows."

Miss Albert—"Well that ought to be reliable, and there isn't another student in College who has the influence he has."

Mr. Holt—"He is all right. If he will help us push the thing it will go. And he is always willing to help."

Miss Brush—"Yes, indeed; he always sacrifices his own convenience to help other people, and never respects his own inclinations when others are concerned."

## Act II

*Scene I.*—Time: same evening. Two figures slink out from the shadow of Palmer Hall, making for the Study room porch.

McClintock (being pushed ahead)—"Why don't you go first yourself, Griffith?"

Mr. Griffith—"You are the smallest! And the youngest, too! And besides I must look out for the 'copper'!"

McClintock (wildly)—"Here they are! Six pans!"

Griffith (with sudden revulsion of feeling)—"Boy, we mustn't do this—this is stealing."

McClintock—"Well, what did you get me out here for, then?"

(Griffith, detecting odor of fudges on the breezes, suddenly succumbs to desire and at one fell swoop gathers the pans in his arms.)

Campus Policeman (appearing at his side)—"Phwat are yez doin'? Yield up."

Griffith—"Come off! You know me. I'm Ben Griffith, the idol of the College."

Policeman—"Shure then, an' O'il keep yez from bein' oidle. Oi knows ye Griffith, an' Oi regret this arrestin', but Oi am shworn to the hoigher oideals. Yez may come wid me."

McClintock (sobbing wildly)—"Oh, Mr. Policeman, where are you taking us?"

Policeman—"Oi am takin' yez to the Prisidint."

(As they depart, Ticknor Study door opens and Juniors rush out to find their fudge gone. Shrieks of dismay rend the air, interspersed with groans from Mr. Mead.)

Mr. Berry (murmuring)—"I told you so."

Mr. Mead—"You Chinaman! Why didn't you watch that fudge. You can't expect me to do everything."

Mr. Berry (from top of hill)—"Come on! Copper! Griffith! Policeman!! Prexy!! Come on!!!" (Leads way. Whole crowd, arriving at President Slocum's, crowd in the door and stand abashed in the hall.)

Dr. Slocum (coming out of dining room)—"Hello, Griffith! Come right in. Just talking of you." (Grasps him cordially by the hand, but quickly withdraws his own and puts it behind his back, tactfully thinking to conceal the fudge sticking to it.)

Campus Policeman—"Mr. Prisidint, Oi caught this man unlawfully stahlin'."

Dr. Slocum—"Well, well, well, Griffith. I'm sorry to hear this. What does it mean?"

Griffith (dazed by trouble)—"I don't know anything about it, sir."

Policeman (excitedly)—"Shure, an' him denyin' it, when I caught him in the act!"

Girl (sobbing)—"I don't believe it."

Mr. Mead (sympathetically, in stage whisper)—"You old bat, what made you get caught?"

Mrs. Slocum—"This is very distressing."

Dr. Ames (tearing up a \$50,000 check)—"Yes; very."

Mrs. Slocum—"There must be some mistake."

Griffith (suddenly coming to his senses, tosses his ambrosial locks, squares his shoulders and says humbly)—"Dr. Slocum, I am guilty. I offer no extenuation for my sin. I am not the man you have thought me. During my first year in College I contracted the pernicious fudge habit and never since have I been able to free myself from its clutches. Its enslaving influence has



permeated every thought and action of my life until it has culminated in this awful crime."

Dr. Slocum—"Griffith, I admire you for your brave confession, and I will help you in every way I can to become a man again. But I feel because of your influence on McClintock, that we shall have to put you on a diet of fudge for ten days. By that time we hope that your evil appetite will be somewhat diminished. Mahoney, you may take Griffith home." (Juniors follow Policeman and Griffith away.)



## **Paiis and Menelaos in the Gymnasium**

### **Dec. 8th**

Armed himself then for the combat Uncle Billy,  
beloved of all men;  
Put on his head the great helmet, well padded  
with leather and cotton;  
Hooked his left hand in his belt and  
brandished the glorious broadsword.  
So likewise did Chilly, Chilly  
Frostides the mighty.  
Strode they then into the space marked out  
by the judge of the combat;  
Glared at each other a space, as the teacher  
doth glare at his students,  
Then fell to chopping the air, or the head  
or the arm as it happened.  
Fierce was the combat and long, but Fortune  
most luckily favored  
That man who does everything for us from Ethical Talks  
down to stoking.  
Whackety, whack! rang his sword on the  
well padded helmet of Chilly.  
Whack! Ah, two points! And again till the  
combat was ended.  
Flat on the floor then lay Chilly, to be  
carted off by the others;  
Puffed out with pride stood Prexie, the grand  
and the glorious victor.



These two young men went to the masquerade party given by '00 to '02. See what pretty costumes they have on. They expected to leave before the time came to unmask, but someone recognized them and they were caught. There was considerable discussion as to what should be done with them, and all sorts of tortures were suggested, but it was finally decided to take a picture of them and let them go. They objected seriously to this and had to be tied to a chair. Even then they refused to look natural, as you can see.

Will they ever go to another masquerade party when not invited? Ask them.

# Manual of College Etiquette



(This work has been subjected to the valuable criticisms of Mr. Fred C. Sager, best known authority on all the requirements of polite existence and the correct thing in a tie.)

The President should exercise somewhat limited freedom in the matter of cutting Chapel.

When the Librarian tells a Professor to leave the Library for talking aloud or other unseemly conduct, he should not refuse to go. Let him, however, make his exit with a light and buoyant step, as though he were going to luncheon. It is better that Freshmen should not know the awful truth.

When a Senior flunks, he should betray no emotion; he has had time to get used to it.

Sophomore men should receive the patronage of Senior girls with respectful silence. Their dutiful services are required—nothing more.

It is to be hoped that Freshmen have received careful training at home. They should endure all their trials and tribulations with uncomplaining good nature. Nothing is more charming than an infantile smile.

No Sophomore should wear more than seventeen different neckties in the course of one week. (Mr. Sager is imperative on this point.)

Professors, when unprepared, should cut. They should answer questions directly and to the point, or frankly admit that they don't know.

If through any deplorable combination of circumstances a Senior should fall in love, he must give no evidence of it, unless it be through the medium of impassioned verse. If a Senior thus afflicted is not poetical, let him suddenly discover that he is a cousin to the fair object of his devotion.

A class should always laugh when the Professor does; he may have got off an original joke.

It is a serious reflection upon the industry of any Professor to give a second quiz, while the papers from the first one are still in his hands.

Freshmen should not make themselves merry over any lack of hair on a Professor's head. Let them remember the story of Elisha and the children and the—bears.

Professors, especially young ones, should be labelled; they may be taken for Freshmen.

If a Professor becomes engaged, he should receive the congratulations of the students, with calm and unblushing dignity.

Sophomore girls should not try to allure Senior men from their meditations upon the hidden mysteries of the unsearchable.

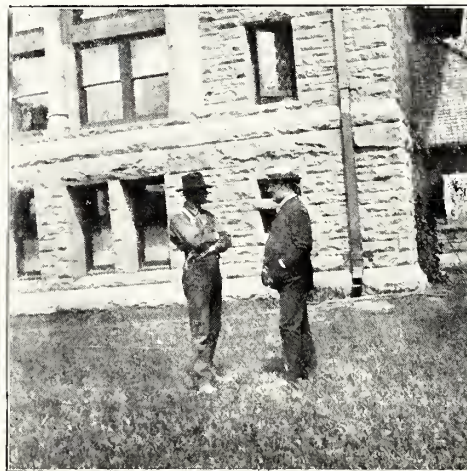
Professors having classes at 8:30 should not linger unnecessarily over their morning toilets. They are, however, expected to brush what hair they have unless something unusual should occur. Even the bachelor Profs. should wear quiet and subdued shades in neckties.

It is to be hoped that Seniors will not waste poetry like the following upon girls in lower classes. Its beauties are too subtle for any but Seniors to appreciate:—

“To a little lass, Contemporary,  
Hair brown, exquisite, very.  
From a lad of fame, clan of Pearsons,  
One of Colorado's dear sons.”

Sophomores should not fondly imagine that because they have struggled through Livy by sheer strength and awkwardness, they will not have to study any more; such an assumption will bring them to tears and lamentations in February.

In the next edition of this work, there will probably be something definite in regard to the correct length of the gown in which a college president conducts Chapel exercises. We might say here, for the benefit of local readers, that we feel sure Prexy has in him the possibilities of majesty and that it needs only a trailing gown to bring them out.



The Hardest Worked Men in the College.

President WILLIAM F. SLOCUM, A. B., B. D., L. L. D.

Professor WALTER KACHELSKI, A. B., C. D., E. F., G., H., I, etc.



## Resolutions



"I. We believe that trusts and monopolies for the destruction of competition are intolerable, and believe that protection has been the main factor in fostering these institutions. And we pledge an unceasing opposition to any form of private monopoly, and especially to the formation of the A. L. Steele Trust, and recommend that each person attempting to form such a combination be punished by causing him to Nash his teeth for seven days.

"II. Personal liberty has always been championed by us. We denounce the so-called Chaperone Law as un-Colorado-Collegian, and as the oppression of the masses by the classes.

"On account of the rapid spreading of heart-disease in the 1100 block on North Weber, we recommend that a strict quarantine be passed to extend to the expiration of the present school year, so that no one may be allowed to Cross into the afore-specified territory, and that no Ray from the outside world may penetrate therein.

"III. We depore the use of strong drink and tobacco, and believe that an import duty of five (5) cents should be laid on each Sager (especially the F. C. brand) found in the vicinity of the 200 block on North Weber."



## Signs of the Times

March, 1901

The green fly drums on the window-pane,  
Drowsily on;  
Down through the air comes a drop of rain,—  
Winter is gone;  
The hills doff their coats of ermine for green,  
And everywhere tips of the grasses are seen,—  
Spring days are on.

With Latin a student is racking his brain,  
Drowsily on,  
"Utinam sumus?" his pensive refrain,—  
Winter is gone;  
Flirtations are rife on the Library lawn;  
Can't master your Dutch if you study till dawn,—  
Spring days are on.

—SHAKES.

## **Dedication**



**to**

**J. Atherton Noyes, Candidate for Marriage,**

**This page is**

**Affectionately Dedicated**

**by**

**The Three Faculty Bachelors**

# The Juniors en Masse



WE ARE NOT egotistical; that is, some of us are not. But, when so magnificent an opportunity to talk about ourselves presents itself, as the publishing of a volume of this size, we think it only consistent with our characteristic cleverness to seize upon it. We shall present simply some minor details regarding ourselves.

To begin at the very foundation of the Junior class, we are generally able to maintain ourselves in stable equilibrium; our combined length of feet, counting two feet to a person, is thirty-nine and eleven-nineteenths cubits. These figures would make a bigger showing if we could use the foot as a unit of measure; but making some pretensions to taste, literary and otherwise, we wished to avoid the repetition of the word *feet*.

From the above mentioned base we rise perpendicularly to the enormous height of two thousand, four hundred, sixty-one and one-half inches. We must acknowledge that we would not be quite so tall if it were not for Moores, our esteemed class-mate whom we all look up to; neither would we be quite so short if it were not for Ross, whom we esteem just as much, but whom, strange to say, most of us look down upon.

Take warning and don't do anything for which the Junior class will sit upon you; we weigh twenty-eight million, eight hundred and forty-six thousand and eighty grains, Troy weight, which is used in weighing gold, silver, and the precious stones.

We are not as young as we used to be. Nine thousand, two hundred and sixteen moons have passed over our heads, which is enough to make anyone moony.

One of our eyes is brown and one is blue. Our hair is more brown than anything else, although it is somewhat mixed with auburn, black, and several delicate shades of sand.

The Junior class may be said to be a Jack-of-all-trades. We will follow the various callings of business, teaching, surgery, journalism, domestic science, keeping boarding-house, farming, and tramping; we will be professors, lawyers, scavengers, angels, heart specialists and old maids.

A systematic attempt was made to find out our valuable opinions of each other. The results, however, were rather disappointing.

It proved impossible to determine who is the laziest member of the class, or if, indeed, there is any difference among us in that respect. It was quite evident that in regard to this matter everyone voted for himself. We can explain the phenomenon only by supposing that it was done for the sake of appearing bright.

The votes for the most brilliant member of the class were also very scattering—suspiciously so.

It is remarkable that we get along with each other as well as we do, for we do not seem to consider each other especially agreeable; no one received more than three votes for amiability. Only one received that number, and we do not think it best to divulge the name for fear the owner thereof would lose, in consequence, that greatest of all charms, unconscious simplicity.

It is a deplorable fact that the person who received the greatest number of votes for popularity did not receive a single one for being agreeable.

In regard to feminine beauty, Mr. Mead was accorded first place, an honor which we feel he richly deserves. Second in the list of fair maidens comes Mr. Moores, who belongs to the willowy type: "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

As to our other qualities, we have come to the conclusion that it will be best to let the public pass upon them.



SPERRY S. PACKARD

The pictures of the other members of the Junior class having been sent to the engravers before Mr. Packard decided to submit his, we are obliged to publish his by itself. It is of an earlier date than the other pictures but is easily recognized by the smile.



# Joax



Bobbie (to darkie blacking his shoes)—“Look pretty disreputable don’t they? Golf is hard on shoes.”

Darkie—“Ah! for whom ah yoh caddyin’, sah?”

Prof. Urdahl—“Now a tradition among college students is like a tradition among savages.”

Berry (after his first Geology excursion, when he spent most of the day in the company of a certain Junior girl)—“Yes, the scenery out here is grand; even the Brush is beautiful.”

Ritchie (acting as critic in Pearsons)—“The second speaker on the negative, Mr. Shantz, has a hesitating, caressing mode of speech.”

New Student—“Is this your first year here?”

Prof. Pattison—“Yes.”

N. S.—“Academy or College?”

T. K. U.—“If you were out on a desert island with only a pint of water, and you used it to wash your hands in, that would be destruction would it not?”

Mead (who is bright)—“Why, no. I’d wash first and drink afterwards.”

Prof. Strieby (in Chemistry Lab., sniffing suspiciously)—Mr. Lamb, there’s a new odor in this laboratory. What is it?”

Mr. Lamb (after sniffing about a few moments)—“There is a strong current of fresh air coming in.”

Urdahl—“If you are building a trans-continental railroad and want to get over a mountain the best way is to go through it.”

Urdahl—“The English at this time knew nothing about grasses such as clover, turnips, etc.”

“Why does Packard always appear so well dressed?”

“Because he has a Taylor of his own.”

Freshman Girl—“Oh, dear; my tire’s flat.”

Senior—“Take it in to Miss Loomis and have it blown up.”

First Girl—“It’s kind of chilly.”

Second Girl—“Yes, it is; but he *wanted* to do it.”

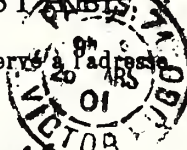
Maid—“Someone to see you, Miss Blank.”

Miss B.—“O! is it my father?”

Maid—“I don’t think so, ma’am; it’s a lady.”

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In speaking of French girls Hukey says: "You don't see very much of the younger girls as they are always shut up in the convents. As for the older ones, they never go out without having all their family and half a dozen grandmothers along with them, so you can't get a chance to see them close to." We leave you to imagine from the accompanying postal card how "close to" Hukey saw them.

# Meeting of Geology A



ENTER Prof. K— in a great hurry and somewhat flustered, just as class is about to cut.

"First I want to say to the members of the class before we take up the regular lesson, that I have changed my mind in regard to the so-called volcanic vent on Pike's Peak. As I stated at that time and as Mr. Duller so kindly inserted in the paper, Pike's Peak is nothing but an extinct volcano with an old lava cone as its summit, but on reference to Halfshot's Geology I find this statement refuted and hence you will hereafter consider Pike's Peak as of sedimentary origin. Now in Kansas the formation is such that a mistake like this would be impossible. We will now proceed with the regular lesson—Miss Stiles—"

Perdy—"Er-r, Professor, will you please identify these specimens for me?" (Hands him a piece of brick-bat and a Hagerman Hall biscuit.)

Prof. K.—"Aha! What have we here? A splendidly preserved specimen of Tria-jurassa, non-fossiliferous shale. Very rare, very rare indeed—especially with this beautiful red color. Um! This other specimen resembles some silicalcarious concretions I have seen in Kansas. You will take notice, ladies and gentlemen, that it is flat and nearly round and very heavy. Extremely rare. Would you donate these specimens to the Museum, Mr. Perdy?"

Perdy—"With pleasure, Professor."

Prof. K. (after giving Perdy a generous mark)—"Miss Stiles now desires—Mr. Lowe, if you can't keep up with the band-wagon you may vacate the room. Miss Stiles now desires to enlighten the class on the optical peculiarities of crystals of the Orthorhombic system."

Miss Stiles—"Why double refraction—"

Prof. K.—"No, Mr. Lowe, that specimen in your hand is—not Stiles—but Stilite. You catch the distinction? Continue, Miss Stiles."

Miss Stiles—"Why double refraction is one; that is—"

Prof. K.—"Er-r, before I forget it I want to inquire who was absent a week ago last Tuesday." (Calls roll.) "Now to save time I will ask someone to volunteer information as to the absentees of to-day."

Over-Zealous Student—"Mr. Hold is."

Hold (awakening suddenly)—"Please repeat that question, Professor."

Hunt (just in time to prevent the coming explosion)—"Professor K., some old bones were dug out of that new excavation on the Campus; do you suppose they could be fossils?"

Prof. K.—“Yes indeed; they must be fossils of the Azoic age—”

Miss Blush—“But, Professor, the book says there are no fossils of the Azoic age.”

Prof. K.—“Miss Blush, I blush for one who is duller even than Mr. Duller. Now in Kansas—” (and he proceeds to give a twenty-minute lecture on Kansas fossils. “Miss Stiles, you may now proceed.”

Miss Stiles—“Well, an object looked at through one of these crystals—”

Prof. K.—“Mr. Lowe, what are you doing—throwing a kiss to her?”

Lowe (badly flustered)—“W-why not exactly, Professor.”

Prof. K.—“Mr. Ingraham, let us see if you can't give us a better definition of double refraction.”

Ingraham (only too glad of the opportunity to show off)—“Rays of light passing through crystals of the orthoclinic or monorhombic system are divided into ordinary and extraordinary rays due to the formation of spherical and ellipsoidal Huygean wave fronts, hence objects observed by transmitted light appear doubled.”

Beri (aside)—“Good bluff, old man.”

Prof. K. (seeing an opportunity for a joke)—“Analogous is it to the phenomena of double moon or double lamp-post which some of you may possibly have observed?”

(Titter among the young women. Blank expression on men's faces.)

Smith (noting in book)—“Joke No. 4111. Bum as usual.”

Robinston—“Professor, would you mind explaining again about those fossil bugs—*limex lectularius* (snicker from the more intelligent members of the class), we found in the Cave of the Winds?”

Once started on his hobby, Prof. K. lectures very entertainingly for ten minutes, at the end of which time he dismisses the class.

Brown (later)—“Say, Prof. K. knows geology all O. K., doesn't he?”

Smith—“Well, I should say! Hayden used to call him the best geologist in Kansas.”

(*Excunt Omnes.*)

—A. D. MIRER.





## The Blossoming of Bobby

*(A Psychological Study.)*

**B**OBBY WAS in dejection. He had tramped for miles over the mesa this rainy afternoon trying to think out that problem in Calculus. The further he tramped, the further he was from solving it—until, as I say, quite worn out, he sat down on a damp stone with his head in his hands, while his tired brain once more went over the problem.

And then occurred what might be called the salvation of Bobby. By a queer freak of the mind often experienced by those over-tired, his real mind seemed to drop into the background and his subconscious self to ascend over his conscious. The exchange was so gradual that at first he sat as before in meditation, not realizing what had happened to him. In a flash, as when the sun bursts from behind a cloud, the darkness of dejection was chased to the inmost corners of his brain—and he lived in a new world, the world of golf, of dances, and of femininity—all spread out before him in alluring profusion. His scholarly mind revolted instinctively and for a moment differential equations and cosines again reigned supreme. But the emotion just experienced had been so strong that a mere intellectual effort was not sufficient to efface it.

He arose and walked slowly homeward, with his head in a whirl. His higher self, however, triumphed to a certain extent over the glittering temptations. He decided not to plunge into the giddy maelstrom at his feet, but to stand on the edge, study it from the altruistic point of view, investigate it in a manner befitting a scientist, even dip into it here and there as he felt experience to be necessary to his investigation.

Alas for the resolves of mankind when they come in conflict with the subconscious influences and mysterious undercurrents that play such an important part in our lives. Two weeks later no one would have recognized our sober, staid, scientific and mathematical Bobby in the gay youth with his rakish ties and caps, who flitted from one pleasure to another, beamed upon all the fair sex, and stood in the most conspicuous places in order that none of his smiles or gallantry should be wasted. Every day he escorted a different maiden to the golf links, administering instruction in the most tactful manner, and telling each one in turn that she was a "born golf-player" and did better than anyone else he had ever brought out. Night after night he tripped the light fantastic, escorted some favored damsel to an organ recital, or passed a pleasant evening in some drawing room. No one was too exclusive for Bobby—the most desirable were flattered at his attention.

Things went from bad to worse. All of his erstwhile friends labored valiantly to reclaim him from his butterfly existence, but to no avail; Bobby had blossomed and insisted upon blooming.

The question is, what subtle influence or what unknown incident was it that had impressed itself upon his subconsciousness so forcibly as to cause the sudden change?

## Examination in Logic



1. Discuss the text-book briefly. State your reasons.
2. Define the intention of a Professor. The extension of rubber.
3. Discuss the following syllogisms:
  - (a) Nothing is better than Heaven. Gingerbread is better than nothing. Therefore gingerbread is better than Heaven.
  - (b) It either rains or it does not rain. It does not rain. Therefore it rains.
4. What is a syllogism for?
5. Give a synopsis of all you know.



## An Ode to the Lazy



How sleep the late, when, sunk in rest,  
By all their well-earned lessons blest,  
When breakfast with its coffee cold  
Remains to lure the victim bold;  
He there shall meet the bitter fate  
Of those who will procrastinate.

The clanging bell has long since pealed,  
But sleep has still his eyelids sealed;  
Until at last some kind friend cries—  
“ ’Tis breakfast time; come, quick, arise!”  
He goes to satisfy his need,  
And with the cook now has to plead.

# A Meeting of the Annual Board



TIME—7:37 p. m., Wednesday.

PLACE—A strange and unheard-of spot, Ticknor Study room.

Enter Miss Williams and Miss Stoddard.

Miss Stoddard (in tones of self-congratulation)—“We are always prompt.”

Miss Williams (good-naturedly)—“Yes, it’s only seven minutes past the time. Our managing editor must have gone after his assistant. Do you know I told Mr. Holden this morning that I was going to be so busy this afternoon that I couldn’t possibly have those drawings for the classes finished, and then when I was down watching the baseball practice, he came in and looked right at me.”

Miss Stoddard—“Well, I shouldn’t care. If he has time to—” (Enter Mr. Holden, with an armful of manuscripts, more or less.)

Miss Williams—“Didn’t you bring Mr. Weiser with you?”

Holden (wearily)—“No; I left him absorbed in a game of whist. He’ll probably be here inside of half an hour.”

He deposits his burden on the table and proceeds to pull forth literary looking bundles from the pockets of his overcoat. Miss Williams and Miss Stoddard fall to discussing Mr. Weiser’s touching devotion to whist, and numerous other subjects. Holden looks over manuscripts. Finally he exclaims: “Where is the rest of the Board? There is a great deal to be done this evening.” Miss Stoddard sighs.

Enter Miss Raynolds and Miss Graber.

Miss Raynolds—“We’re not really late, are we? You haven’t begun work yet.”

Holden—“Well, you see, we can’t very well begin work until the Board is here.” (Miss Raynolds looks reproachful and Holden looks sorry.)

Miss Graber—“Please excuse us, Mr. Holden.”

Holden (relenting completely but trying to preserve his dignity as managing editor)—“I will this once if you won’t let it occur again.”

Enter Mr. Weiser.

Holden—“Well, did you win?”

Weiser (evasively)—“This is no time to be talking about whist. We’re supposed to be discussing THE ANNUAL. Is there anything to do this evening?”

Holden (sarcastically)—“O, no, Mr. Weiser; nothing at all, I assure you. This gathering is simply for pleasure.”

Weiser—“I shall enjoy myself by seeing the rest of you have a good time.”

Holden (severely)—“Is that athletic write-up finished?”

Weiser—“It isn’t commenced yet.”

Holden (seriously)—“O, come now, Weiser, you simply must get to work on that. We’ve got to have it.”

Weiser—“Don’t worry. It will be in the hands of the proof-reader by the time your editorials are commenced.” (Holden preserves a dignified silence, in which Miss Williams is heard to say, “No, Ella, I’m not going to have a tucked yoke.”)

Enter Mr. Mead. Chorus of greetings.

Holden (politely)—“Really, Mr. Mead, this is an unexpected pleasure.”

Mead—“Don’t mention it. You’re all glad to see your financial agent, aren’t you? I happened to be over here at Ticknor on a matter of business, and I thought I’d drop in for a minute.” (To Miss Williams, in low tones)—“Is this the evening, Marion?”

Miss Williams—“What evening?”

Mead—“Why, the evening you were going to have refreshments?”

Miss Williams—“No, Rufus; you have made the mistake of your life.”

Mead—“Really, isn’t there anything to eat?”

Miss Williams—“Not a thing.” (Mead collapses.)

Holden—“We must get to work on this calendar now.”

Miss Reynolds—“But how can we with Mr. Mead talking all the time?”

Mead (reaching for his hat)—“This is the most unkindest cut of all.” (Everybody exclaims: “O, don’t go, Mr. Mead.”)

Mead (tragically)—“You have wounded my sensitive nature too deeply to make amends now by any forced politeness.” (He bows himself out.)

Miss Stoddard—“I suppose he thinks she is ready to come down by this time.”

Holden (rapping upon the table)—“Now let us proceed to the calendar. We’ve got to get a little wit and humor into it.”

Miss Graber—“O, Mr. Holden, we’re not in a witty mood this evening. Can’t we put it off until next week?”

Weiser—“I’d be in favor of putting it off, if I thought there was any likelihood of our ever being any more witty than we are this evening.”

Miss Reynolds—“Mr. Weiser always takes such a pessimistic view.”

Holden—“By the way, Miss Reynolds, that reminds me—have you copied that farce yet?” (Miss Williams murmurs, “Now how could Mr. Weiser and his pessimistic view possibly remind Mr. Holden of a farce?”)

Miss Reynolds—“Oh, I’m very sorry, but I have been so busy. I shall have it done by Friday without fail.”



Holden (not very savagely)—“See that you do, Miss Raynods; this matter is getting to be really serious.”

Miss Stoddard—“That reminds me of the joke department; it is getting to be really serious.”

Weiser—“If it goes to an extreme in that direction we can just have it change places with the religious column.”

Holden—“We may as well rid our minds at once of the idea that anything funny is going to happen here. If we want jokes we’ll have to manufacture them.”

Weiser—“Fortunately we have some talent in that line.”

Holden—“We ought to look over this material. Now, Weiser, if you could dispense for a few moments with your sarcasms—”

Weiser—“I intend to resign my position on this Board.”

Holden (suppressing a smile)—“Here are some poems.”

Weiser (looking alarmed)—“I really must go; I have to be down town by 9 o’clock.”

Miss Graber (looking at the clock, which points to five minutes past nine)—“I’m afraid you’ll be late, Mr. Weiser.”

Weiser (ponderously, as he puts on his overcoat)—“Since I am assistant editor of the Junior Annual Board I make it a point to be late.”

Holden—“Don’t forget that athletic write-up.”

Weiser—“Mention that to me again, and you’ll lose the second best man on the Board. Good night.” (Exit Weiser.)

Miss Williams—“Are the poems better than those we have already had?”

Holden—“Rather worse, I think.”

Miss Raynolds—“It won’t be necessary to read them, will it?”

Holden—“I suppose it would be an unnecessary formality. By the way, how about those Senior autographs? Have you got them all, Miss Graber? You know, if they are to be sent off to that character reader, they’ll have to be ready before long.”

Miss Graber—“I have some of them; but the Seniors do write them so slowly and carefully, and take such pains with them that it requires a good deal of time.”

Miss Stoddard—“‘O, these deliberate fools!’ The Seniors ought to be above such vanity.”

Holden—“Several of the write-ups of the societies and organizations have come in this week.”

Miss Williams—“The ‘Vivette’ ought to be represented in that department.”

Holden—“The ‘Vivette’?”

Miss Williams (laughing)—“Yes; haven’t you heard of it? It’s a secret society located here in Ticknor; its purpose is the furtherance of romance.”

Miss Raynolds—“And it sometimes undertakes to straighten out tangled romances.”

This proves to be an interesting topic of conversation. Mr. Holden's editorial dignity gradually slips from him; he becomes really interested. Finally, just in the midst of a general discussion, the 10-o'clock bell rings. Holden rises by reflex action.

Miss Graber—"I haven't looked at a lesson for to-morrow."

Miss Stoddard—"We ought to be granted special privileges by the Faculty."

Holden—"Our editorial labors aren't half appreciated."

The Board files out and the study-room is left in darkness and silence, with only a literary atmosphere pervading it.



# Calendar



# April



- April 4—College snowed under.
- April 1—Calendar of the 1901 ANNUAL begins.
- April 5—Glee club goes on a tour.
- April 6—Rubber boots. Glee club robbed. Granny rubbered.
- April 11—Easter recess. Debaters (Fritzy, Billy and Ben) leave for Nebraska.
- April 13—Nebraska wins; (F., B. and B. come home). C. C. 22, State Normal School 2.
- April 14—C. C. 34, State Agricultural College 4.
- April 19—We enter upon the home-stretch.
- April 20—Academy beats South Pueblo High School in debate. Good for the Cads.
- April 21—C. C. 22, Denver U. 2.
- April 23—Apollonians dedicate their club house. Three timid youths sup in solitary splendor.
- April 24—College Campus parked.
- April 26—College 2, Pueblo League 8. Packard's nose broken; looks much improved.



# May



May 15—Contemporary makes her debut.

May 5—C. C. 11, University of Colorado 2.

May 10—Oratorical contest.

May 12—C. C. 4, State School of Mines 6.

May 18—Dr. Barnett cuts a Physics class.

May 22—Nuggets; showers of them.

May 23—Cymbals and drums—  
The new NUGGET comes.

May 25—Minerva goes to the Canon.

May 29—Sophomore-Freshman ball game; '02 14, '03 11. (Professor with cane absent.)



# June



June 5—Glee club entertains at the Senior garden party.

June 8—Glee club banquet. Senior-Faculty game. John D. mars the Senior record.

June 9—C. C. strikes it rich. C. C. 8, State School of Mines 3. Lempke hurls bats.

June 10—Baccalaureate sermon. Miss Raynolds goes home.

June 11—Class Day.

June 12—Class of 1900 commences.

June 13—We all go home.

# September



- Sept. 19—The children of '04 amuse themselves with paint.
- Sept. 10—We hie ourselves to "Jakey."
- Sept. 13—Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. welcome the new-comers.
- Sept. 15—Annual slaughter of the Innocents at Coburn.
- Sept. 17—Freshmen and Sophs collide at the Observatory. Griffith gets lost.
- Sept. 20—Prexy makes his annual offer of transportation to the Palmer Hall artist. Coach Ewing arrives. (Great suspense.)
- Sept. 22—Reception for Ewing. Excitement intense.)
- Sept. 23—Rice gets homesick.
- Sept. 24—Wheeler figures as the hero in a run-away; (holds lady till the doctor comes.)
- Sept. 24—"What's the matter with Giles' five kids?"
- Sept. 26—Freshmen and Sophs have first contest. First blood for the Freshies.
- Sept. 26—College dismissed to see Teddy.
- Sept. 27—Some misunderstanding at the Hall over a kind attempt on the part of the Sophomore girls to make the Freshman girls' rooms look cozy and inviting when they should return from the Freshman party. Cane rush. Revival of the vermiform appendix. The Junior-Freshman party.



# October



Oct. 4—Golf club meets. Berry blossoms.

Oct. 6—C. C. 11, Victor o. Prof. Ahlers—"Rice, translate." Rice (doing as instructed)—"To the Devil with you."

Oct. 12—Berry loses his hat. College feels relieved.

Oct. 13—College 53, State Agricultural College o.

Oct. 16—Prexy begins the Ethicals.

Oct. 20—C. C. 71, State Normal o. Chilly lets the Juniors have a party.

Oct. 27—Contemporary and Pearsons join hands.

Oct. 28—Miss Worden celebrates her sixteenth birthday.

Oct. 30—C. C. 5, Washburn 29.

Oct. 31—Barbecue.



# November



Nov. 21—The wind blows. Prexy and Walter hold down the boiler-house roof. Our sailor Prof. comes to the front.

Nov. 6—We vote. C. C. o, D. W. C. 29.

Nov. 7—Secretary Long, of the U. S. Navy, speaks in Chapel. Miss Worden's table enjoys a spread at the expense of the Democrats.

Nov. 8—Mr. Pattison, in English class, explains love poem on the ground that it takes someone of experience.

Nov. 13—Dr. Pearsons and Fritz visit Chapel.

Nov. 14—Insignia Day; hoops and tops. Mass meeting for athletics.

Nov. 17—C. C. 21, University of Colorado o.

Nov. 23—Glee club attempt a picture.

Nov. 24—Dr. Pearsons speaks in Chapel. Epidemic of house-cleaning falls upon Hagerman.

Nov. 29—C. C. 39, State School of Mines o.



# December



Dec. 6—Football victories culminate.

Dec. 1—Minerva gives a Darkey ball. Mr. Noyes announces his engagement. Fair Maiden—"Mr. Noyes, let me congratulate you." Mr. Noyes—"I—I am very glad, Miss —, that you take it this way."

Dec. 6—Mr. and Mrs. Slocum receive for the football team.

Dec. 7—Pearsons and Minerva join hands.

Dec. 8—Football banquet at the Alamo. Jonson elected captain.

Dec. 9—Our society editor cuts a wisdom tooth.

Dec. 13—Ewing leaves; sighs and lamentations.

Dec. 14—Love feast between D. W. C. and College.

Dec. 15—Seniors go on a picnic.

Dec. 19—Minerva function. Vacation begins.

# January



- Jan. 21—Mumps break out in South Hall.
- Jan. 6—Mr. Lake goes to the golf links.
- Jan. 9—Polly Con exam.
- Jan. 10—Calendar "humoroused up."
- Jan. 11—Mr. Hoyne submits a piece of "poultry" to the ANNUAL.
- Jan. 14—Skating party at Prospect.
- Jan. 15—Weiser has a fall.
- Jan. 17—Mass meeting for the ANNUAL. Mead makes his maiden speech in Chapel.
- Jan. 18—Miss Brush falls down stairs.
- Jan. 23—The College choir(?) is organized.
- Jan. 25—Inter-Society debate — Pearsons worsted.



# February



Feb. 14—We receive valentines.

Feb. 4—Oratorical contest.

Feb. 8—Production of "The Fugitive's Bride, or the Cavalier's Revenge," by the Ticknor Hall Stock Co.

Feb. 20—Weiser makes a joke at Board meeting; Holden laughs.

Feb. 21—Girls' Glee club concert.

Feb. 22—Miss McKinney distinguishes herself as a hostess.

Feb. 23—Contemporary "avoids" its meeting. Colonial ball.

Feb. 24—Flunk notices come out.



# March



March 27—Francis and his "Margrit" attend an Ethical. Prexy much flattered.

March 2—The tea-party craze seizes Ticknor.

March 3—Picnics begin. Miss Stoddard rides a burro and succeeds in controlling the spirited steed with her great presence of mind and the help of Prof. Brehaut.

March 8—Preliminary debate. Griffith, Rastell and Weiser the chosen ones.

March 9—Pearsons banquet.

March 11—First crop of straw hats is nipped in the bud.

March 12—Mr. Goldmark begins his Wagnerian lectures. "Nigger heaven" filled with connoisseurs from the College who find fault with Modjeska's acting.

March 15—Apollonian banquet. Hunt is introduced to the girls.

March 20—Holt makes an investigation of police administration.

March 25—Mass meeting in the interests of baseball. First results seen on German B students.



## In Conclusion



**A**FTER MANY delays we are glad to be able at last to place in your hands Vol. II of THE NUGGET. In compiling it we have had much hard work, many disappointments and many failures of most cherished plans; yet the work has not been without its pleasures and benefits to us. We realize that we have not produced a perfect literary work, that in many ways it does not represent as well as we would wish the life of the College; but we have done our best and shall anxiously await your criticism or praise.

We wish to thank all those who, though not on the Board, have assisted us in many ways. Success without their aid would have been impossible. Especial thanks are due to Mr. S. F. Pattison, Miss Ginger, Miss Porter, Miss Gashwiler, Miss Gray, Miss Smeigh, and Mr. Ingersoll.

We would also thank our own Junior class, who have loyally supported us in every way we have asked.

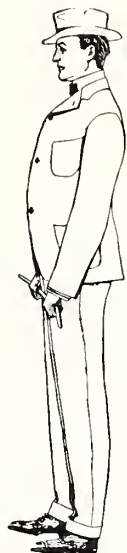
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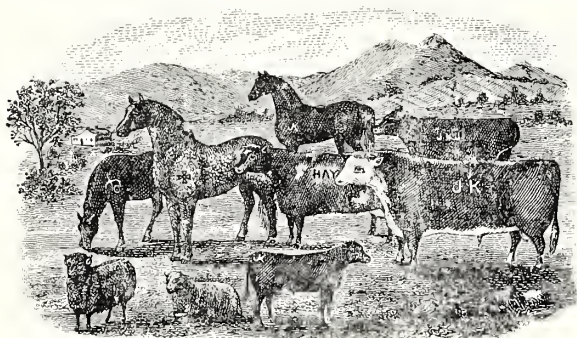
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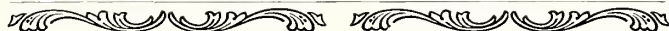
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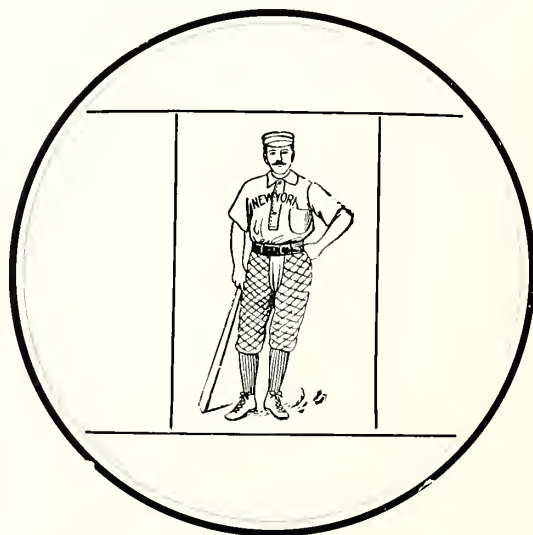
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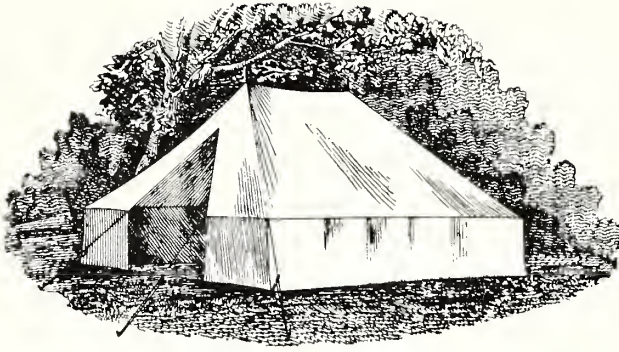
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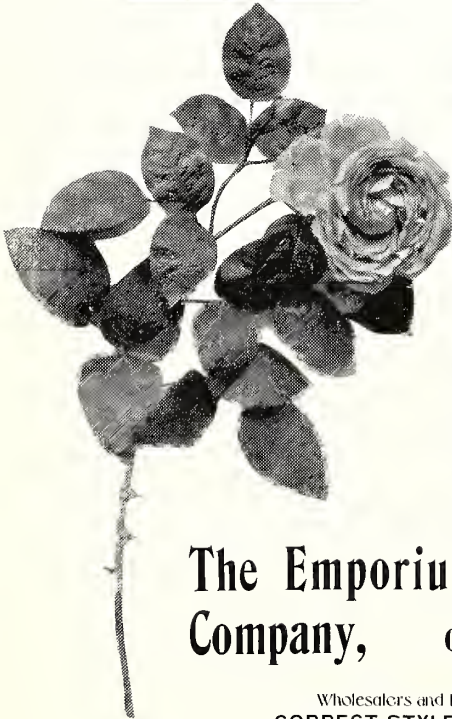
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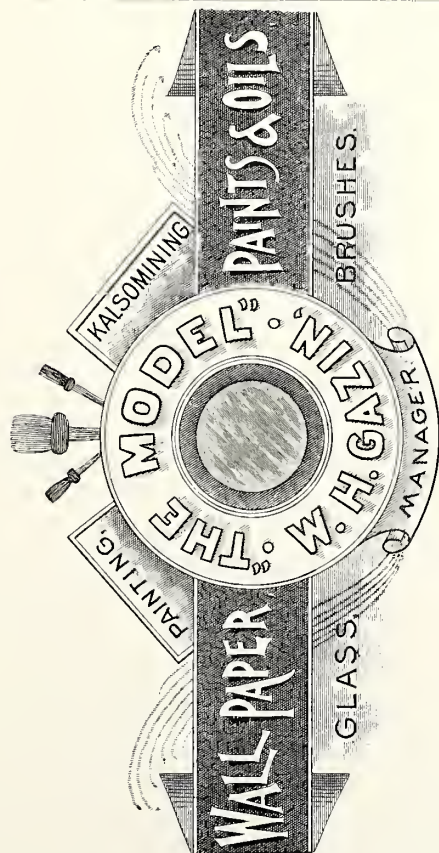


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April 24, 1901:

## RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts ..	\$1,176,623.66
United States Bonds ..	100,000.00
Due from U. S. Treas- urer ..	5,000.00
Bonds and Warrants ..\$	335,810.64
Cash and Due from Banks. ....	1,250,975.04
	<u>1,586,785.68</u>
	\$2,868,409.34

## LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock. ....	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits. ....	102,480.14
Circulation ..	100,000.00
Deposits ..	<u>2,565,929.00</u>
	\$2,868,409.34

## OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

J. R. MKINNIE, President.  
W. R. BARNES, Vice-Pres.  
A. G. SHARP, Cashier.  
V. C. TALBERT, Asst. Cashier.  
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# REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF El Paso National Bank

OF COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.,

As made to the Comptroller of the Currency,  
April 24, 1901:

## RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts. ....	\$1,124,629.16
United States Bonds and Premiums. ....	156,835.80
Bonds and Warrants. ....	5,585.27
Furniture and Fixtures. ....	8,325.00
Due from Banks ..	\$823,375.12
Due from U.S. Treasurer ..	7,500.00
Cash in Vault ..	<u>258,700.71</u>
	1,089,575.83
	<u>\$2,384,951.06</u>

## LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock. ....	\$ 150,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits ..	41,854.17
Circulation ..	150,000.00
Deposits ..	<u>2,043,096.89</u>
	\$2,384,951.06

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C. H. WHITE, Asst. Cashier.

# REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF The First National Bank

Of Colorado Springs, Colo.

As made to the Comptroller of the Currency,  
April 24, 1901:

## RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts. ....	\$1,905,680.06
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation ..	100,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. Fund). ..	5,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer (other than 5 per cent. Fund) ..	11,750.00
Bonds and Warrants. ....	370,944.70
Due from Banks ..	\$943,493.39
Cash ..	<u>448,120.19</u>
	1,391,613.58
Total. ....	\$3,785,988.34

## LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock ..	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits. ....	311,982.13
Circulation ..	91,950.00
Deposits ..	<u>3,282,956.21</u>
Total. ....	\$3,785,988.34

## OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

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A. H. HUNT, Asst. Cashier.  
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